

See inside pages for the first of a Series of Nine Stories, written by Gilbert Parker, the Famous English Novelist, expressly for this paper.

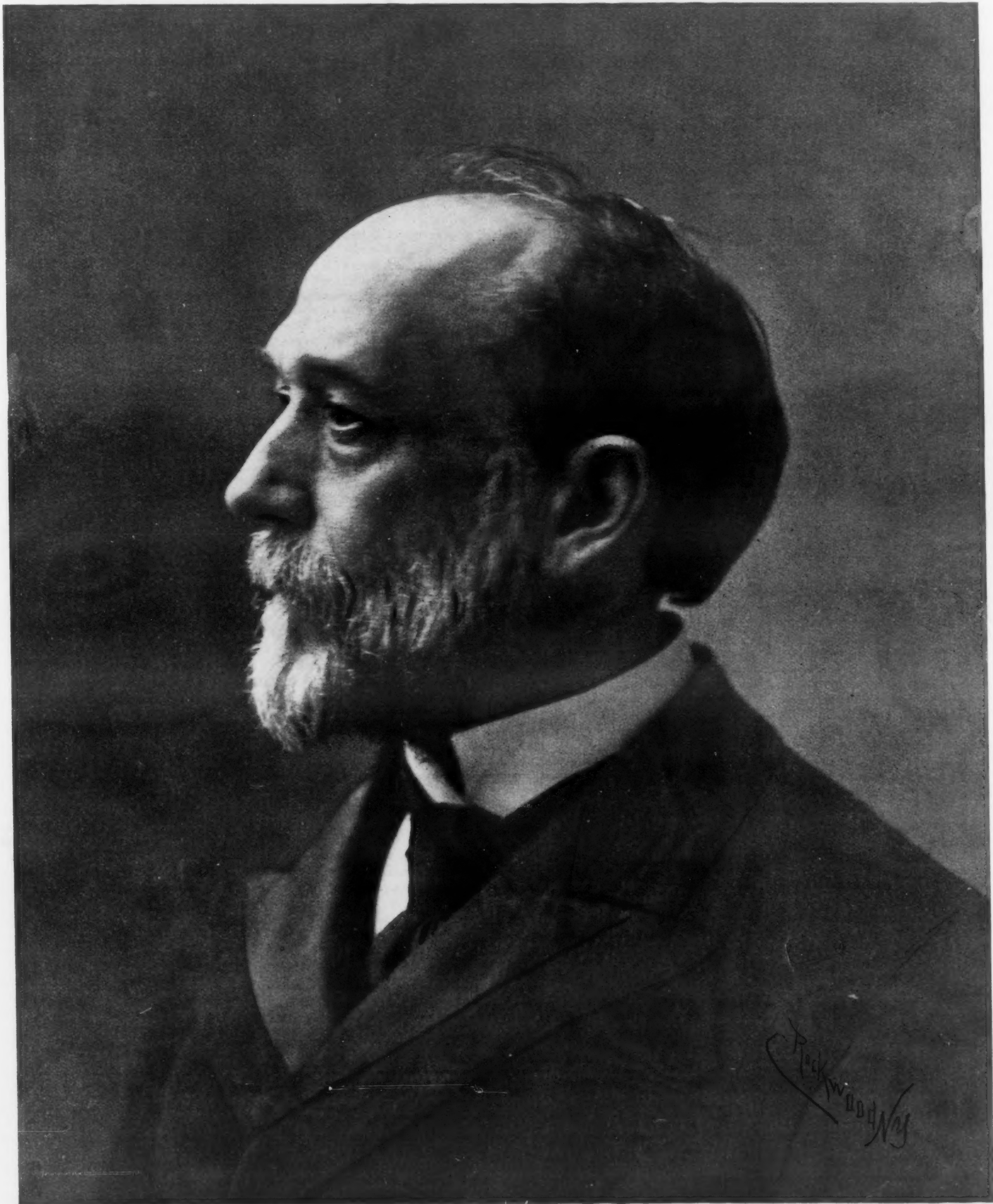
LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



Vol. LXXIX.—No. 2088.
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 4, 1894.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 Yearly.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



HON. THOMAS C. PLATT,

"THE MOST CONSPICUOUS AND POWERFUL POLITICIAN IN THE UNITED STATES WHO IS NOT IN OFFICE."—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 221]

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OCTOBER 4, 1894.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 25 numbers	2.00
One copy, for 13 weeks	1.00

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; The International News Company, Brems Building, Chancery Lane, E.C., London; Smith, Ainslee & Co., 25 Newcastle Street, Strand, London, England; at Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany; The International News Company, Stephanstrasse 18, Leipzig, Germany; Ch. E. Alioth, Geneva, Switzerland; and by C. Frank Dewey, Kochstrasse 49, Berlin, Germany.

Cable address—"JUDGEARK."

Special Notice.

PLEASE note that the address of LESLIE'S WEEKLY has not been changed. It is still 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY.

Special Announcement.

We publish in this issue the first of a series of nine stories, under the general title of "Pierre and His People," written expressly for LESLIE'S WEEKLY by Mr. Gilbert Parker, the popular English story-writer. Mr. Parker is admittedly the foremost of the younger generation of English novelists, and as a writer of short stories he has few, if any, superiors. He is not only a master of the details of his art, but he does his work with a conscientiousness and fidelity to high ideals which adds notably to its interest and value. Mr. Parker spent a part of the last year in this country, studying our life and making himself familiar with our history and resources, and some of his recent contributions to English magazines, in which he summarizes the results of his observations, have attracted wide attention, being, as to some of the matters considered, singularly accurate as well as complimentary.

The titles of the stories which we have secured from Mr. Parker, and which he regards as the best he has ever written, are as follows:

- "The Lake of the Great Slave."
- "The House with the Broken Shutter."
- "Malachi."
- "The Gift of the Simple King."
- "The Red Patrol."
- "A Romany of the Snows."
- "The Baron of Beaugard."
- "Little Babiche."
- "At Point o' Bugles."

These stories will be followed by a novel entitled "The Stark-Munro Letters," from the pen of A. Conan Doyle, being the only novel which that distinguished author will publish during the coming year.

It is the purpose of LESLIE'S WEEKLY to furnish its readers with the best fiction attainable, without regard to the expenditure involved in doing so, and the bill-of-fare here announced is only a sample of the good things which are to come.

Popular Nominations.



THE hearty response which has been made to the nomination of Charles T. Saxton for Lieutenant-Governor, and that of Judge Albert Haight for the Court of Appeals, shows how quick the people are to recognize high character, real capacity, and conspicuous public service. No man in the

State has been more influential, in recent years, in promoting sound legislation and elevating political methods than Senator Saxton. His ballot-reform law, which has given him wide distinction, is only one of the beneficent measures which he has passed. The Corrupt Practices act, the bills restoring home rule to Buffalo, and other acts of great value and importance, owe their success to his initiative and vigorous support. Senator Saxton has made the interests of the people his supreme concern in all his legislative career, and amid all partisan entanglements has preserved his integrity and independence. Judge Haight, the nominee for the Court of Appeals, has established a high reputation as an able and upright jurist, and as a citizen enjoys the confidence and esteem of all who know him.

It is to be regretted that the managers of the Republican party are unable to recognize and appreciate, in all cases, the demand of the best element of our population for an elevation of political methods and the standards of political life—that their conception of the functions and responsibilities of government is often narrow and inadequate. Illustrations of this aversion of the professionals in politics to the recognition of the highest character and equipment are constantly afforded. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. Choate, widely mentioned in the public prints in connection with the gubernatorial nomination. New York has no abler, purer, or more illustrious citizen. He stands before the country among the foremost in his profession, and without a blur or stain upon his escutcheon. He has been identified honorably and usefully with the highest affairs of state. His Republicanism is unquestioned. How comes it that a man of his stamp, exceptionally equipped for the gubernatorial office, had no following in the Republican convention? Such a result can only be accounted for on the ground that interested party leaders resent the elevation of any and every man whose character

makes it impossible for him to wear the collar of servitude, and that the party is content to acquiesce in the prostitution of the public service to the personal ends of the men with whom politics is only a trade.

It goes without saying that while occupying such an attitude as this the Republican party of New York can never achieve the highest usefulness or exercise the influence to which it is entitled in public affairs. Until it emancipates itself from a control that is wholly vicious, and gives free play to conscience and enlightened individual opinion, it cannot be counted upon for the best possible service in defense of popular rights, or in furtherance of the interests of good government. The one supreme need of the hour is that the intelligent masses of the party who appreciate the gravity of the evils which are eating away its fibre should assert themselves in more definite and aggressive fashion than has ever yet been done for the overthrow of the obnoxious domination—not forgetting meanwhile that reform is only to be achieved within the party lines and in loyal fidelity to those principles and measures for which the party stands.

The Ebb of Emigration.



EVER before have our people been called upon to witness an ebb tide of emigration, a tide setting back from our shores to the more crowded lands of the Old World. Nor can it be a normal condition of affairs that occasions this, for our country, thank heaven! has not yet been filled up to a point of equilibrium with those from which it was originally supplied. Nevertheless it is true that every outgoing steamship has its steerage-room filled to its utmost capacity, and the agents of some lines have been called upon to stop the bookings.

The eastward movement has been on the increase for several years past, but from perfectly natural causes which indicate nothing but prosperity for the passengers themselves and the land from which they sail. In other words, there have been large numbers of steerage passengers from America to Europe, but they were not emigrants. They were simply prosperous settlers and workingmen returning to the old country for a visit. There are still many of this class, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes, with money in their pockets, going home to spend the Christmas holidays. These people, mostly farmers in the West, have scarcely yet made ready for their winter trip. Another class, hardly so well-to-do, laborers and street peddlers, are attracted by the low rates that some of the steamship lines have made, and are returning to spend the winter more economically upon brown bread and turnips in the old country, to be ready, with so much of their little capital as they have been able to save, for a fresh campaign in America in the spring. There is a third class, the emigrants proper, who have found America, for them, a failure, and who are returning to their former homes as poor as when they left. These are of many races, but principally Italians, Poles, and Slavs, with a few Swedes, Germans, and English. The stoppage of factories and cessation of railroad and other works; the low price of farm products, which has thrown many farm-hands out of work; the stagnation of silver mining; the railroad and mining strikes, and the northwestern forest fires, have all combined to make hard times for the workingman.

For months men have been flocking to Chicago from all points in the West, from the mines, the farms, and the small factory towns. Failing to find work in the factories, those who had money enough have taken advantage of the low rates to Europe and have returned home, filled with disgust at this reputed land of milk and honey. Tickets are sold as low as sixteen dollars from Chicago to Europe, which is seven dollars for the steamship passage (commission off), with board; and nine dollars for railroad fare from Chicago to New York. This has included Scandinavian ports, and a couple of dollars more takes in Genoa and Naples. The result is seen in the parties of emigrants, carrying all their worldly possessions on their backs, which may be seen any day about the office of the shipping agent or in the great railway stations.

Some of these people cannot speak a word of English, and so simple are they that they are sometimes fleeced out of their scanty savings by the cunning sharpers who abound in the neighborhood of the stations, and are left without a pfennig beside their passage ticket. Men who have been working in the lumber-mills of Minnesota or Wisconsin, and in rare cases settlers who lost their cabin and perhaps their families also, are seen, with blank and hopeless faces, among those buying steerage tickets to far-off Svenska.

It is difficult to get a definite idea of the extent of this emigration business, since steamship companies refuse to give exact figures. Possibly the number of those going from us is equal to one-half the immigration of last year (311,404). As to the proportion of permanent emigrants, those who have gone "for good," it is impossible to guess with any degree of accuracy, as with the first wave of renewed prosperity in this country, or any added miseries in the old, they would all flock back to the land of promise.

The movement may, however, suggest to our national legislators that it would be a good time to place door-keepers at the outer gates, at foreign ports, to scrutinize the returning flocks and hold back the undesirables—those who make beggars in our streets, patients in our hospitals, paupers in our asylums, convicts in our prisons, and mobs in our great cities. Why not watch the tide?

The Louisiana Bolt.

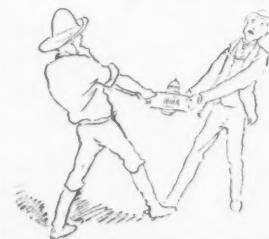


THE bolt of the Democratic sugar planters in Louisiana, whose interests were betrayed by the Democrats in their tariff legislation, promises to be more formidable than was anticipated. It is, too, more determined and pronounced than we had supposed it would be. The convention recently held in New Orleans, which declared unani-

mously for affiliation with the Republican party, was composed of eight hundred individuals, representing fully two-thirds of the planters and other persons interested in the sugar industry in the State. Among the leaders in the movement are some of the most prominent men in the State, who have in the past held high official positions, and are universally recognized as influential factors in affairs. By way of emphasizing their demand for protection to their interests, the bolters have already nominated Republican candidates in two of the Congressional districts, and the same course will probably be pursued in the third—the nominees in each case being indorsed by the regular Republicans.

There can be no question as to the importance of this movement. It portends the breaking up of the solid South and a re-formation of party lines on economic and broadly national principles. The rice planters of Louisiana have already followed the example of the sugar men, and will henceforth co-operate with the Republicans. In other States influences are at work which will result in still further defections from the Democracy. The effect of all this will be to secure fair elections and honest counts; this, indeed, was specifically demanded by the resolutions of the Louisiana planters, and will be insisted upon with a vigor of purpose which will compel acquiescence. There is no reason at all why, as the result of these movements, the Republican party should not become a commanding political force in every State whose interests are endangered by the overthrow of the protective policy. What is needed is that there shall be wisdom on the part of the Republicans themselves—an abandonment of factional controversies, the elevation of the best men to the leadership, and a hearty recognition of the claims of intelligence and character as embodied in the new allies from the Democratic ranks. It is undoubtedly true that the Republican party in some of the Southern States has been unfortunate in its leadership, and that recruits who would otherwise have come to it have been repelled by the questionable character of a good many of the men assuming to direct its policy. The way is now open for the removal of this obstacle to the party growth in numbers and influence, and it will be well for the country and the interests of good government if Southern Republicans will recognize their opportunity and utilize it in a genuinely patriotic spirit.

A Fight for a Capital.



MONTANA, the great mining State, is just now in the throes of a pitched battle over the location of a permanent capital. It is a queer fight. On the one hand is Helena, which has been the capital city for many years, supported ardently by its own people and by citizens

throughout the State who have some sense of the fitness of things and concern for the future welfare of a commonwealth that has within itself all the resources and possibilities of a great empire. On the other hand is Marcus Daly, the "copper king," who is known in Montana as the "White Czar," and here in the East as a breeder of fast horses and owner of Tammany, the colt that broke records a couple of years ago. Mr. Daly set about having the capital of the State moved to his smelter town, Anaconda, soon after Montana was admitted to the Union, and while there are few people in the State who would desire this change except in deference to the "White Czar's" wishes, there seems to be a strong possibility that the owner of Tammany will take the stakes despite all opposition.

Helena has answered well as the capital city, and is peculiarly fitted to maintain this dignity, being by far the finest city in the State, the most easy of access, and the nearest to the centre of population. It can be reached from any of the other cities or towns in a few hours; has good hotels, refined society, all modern conveniences in the way of electric lights, street railways, public library,

baths, clubs, and places of amusement, and possesses one of the finest sites and most healthful climates in the world. Its permanent residents, most of whom own their homes, number at least fifteen thousand, and are intelligent, thrifty people engaged in a multiplicity of pursuits.

Anaconda is Mr. Daly's smelting town, and was founded by him a few years ago as the location for the most extensive copper reduction works in the world. Nobody knows exactly when he conceived the notion that smelter smoke and State legislation and administration would go well together. It is certain, however, that his heaven began to work to that end in State politics before the meeting of the Legislature in January, 1891, for at that time the discussion of a permanent State capital was taken up, and Mr. Daly's opportunity to get his smelter town in the race was foreshadowed.

The town is located in an isolated corner of the Deer Lodge valley, on the west side of the main range, and many miles from the main lines of travel. Its population does not exceed five thousand, which comprises Mr. Daly's smelter-men, some three thousand in number, the business community that thrives by the labor of these men, the gamblers and saloon-keepers who prey upon them, a few persons of leisure, and a gang of hangers-on. To an outsider who is not apprised of all the circumstances of this remarkable capital fight, it would seem an utter absurdity that such an unsuitable place could ever have been thought of as a location for the seat of government of a great commonwealth.

Two causes have combined to give Anaconda a place in this contest: the Napoleonic talent for leadership of the "White Czar," and his practically unlimited resources. Helena is on the east side of the range, and there has long been a feeling of envy against her on the part of a certain element at Butte and in other west-side towns. The Anaconda copper mines, which are undoubtedly the greatest yet known in the world, are in Butte, twenty-one miles from Mr. Daly's smelter town. He has his own railroad between the two points, a newspaper of his own, which is probably the best in the State, and the best trained staff of lieutenants that any Western magnate has ever controlled. He rules by bounty and generosity, and can depend on the loyalty of his followers more fully than any ruler who has fear for his whip. The net revenues of the Anaconda Company last year were more than two million, five hundred thousand dollars, while the gross earnings probably exceeded seven million dollars. Four million, five hundred thousand dollars for expenses is a large sum for one man to disburse, and Mr. Daly's people know and appreciate the fact.

But for the capital fight he enlisted other potent agencies. By resolution of one of the early State Legislatures it was provided that the question of a permanent capital should be settled by the popular vote. At the election of 1892 all candidates were to be duly entered, and the two cities receiving the highest vote at that election should be the final contestants for the honor at the election of 1894. When the election came off Helena got first place and Anaconda second. Thus the race is now between these two cities, and the prize will be awarded at the approaching election. Many of the newspapers have been enlisted in Mr. Daly's interest, and support Anaconda for the capital. In some cases he has bought out more or less important newspaper properties and placed his own men in charge for the campaign.

Having secured second place for his town, Mr. Daly set to work to distance his rival. When the Legislature met in January, 1893, he was present throughout the session with a number of his lieutenants, some of whom were members of the Assembly and Senate, and before the session ended he had played a card that may win him the game.

Thousands of people wanted to have the State university consolidated in one place so that it might become a creditable institution of learning. But Mr. Daly saw how to make capital for his boom by distributing the job to the ambitious towns of the west side. In return for pledges that they would work for Anaconda he directed his followers to break up the State university into fragments, and parceled it out among the towns that had aided in giving him a place in the capital race.

No wonder the people of Montana are agitated over such a struggle. The whole country, knowing the facts in the case, will await with anxiety the result of the contest.

Autumnal Reflections.



THE drowsy spirit of summer has folded its wings and drifted gently into the silent past; and now the mellow gold of autumn blazes in the brittle leaf, whose quaint embroideries and arabesque effects make it dear and precious to the collector of book-marks. The air is as clear as crystal and as sweet as wine, as if distilled from the flowers that a few short weeks ago filled the fields with an incense as spicy and subtle as that of a broiled quail. And now, while the cooling breezes sweep along the meadows, the standing collar holds its points aloft like the ears of an Arabian steed, and refuses to lapse into that limpness which is the joy and the solace of the laundryman

in July. The russet shoe still maintains its dignity, for it is of the tone that makes it, so to speak, the brother of the fading fields. And it sighs a tender sigh of regret upon being separated from its old companion of the summer solstice—the straw hat. And why should not the russet shoe feel sad, when such a separation is entirely inconsistent? Does not the straw hat, bronzed and tanned by sun and rain, suggest the corn-field whose tawny stacks rustle in gentlest symphonies? Therefore is not the straw hat worthy of a place on the head of Ceres, who should also disport in the hazy fields in dainty russet slippers?

But if the straw hat has vanished with the wild-rose, and has been hung upon the willow with the tennis-racket, it is pleasant to feel that we still have a living reminder of summer in the base-ball match and the excitement relative to the national pennant. For the man who was brought up on base-ball, and not on cricket, will play the game as long as the air is warm enough to enable him to catch a ball without having a pang shoot from his knuckles to the base of his brain. Sad, indeed, is the soul of the base-ball enthusiast when it becomes too chilly to sit upon the wind-swept bleachers and watch the champions who, having demonstrated their superiority over all other professionals, calmly submit to defeat at the hands of the Osceolas of Penn Yan. And when the game has fairly been called for good and all until next the shad-roses bloom, how the boy who has seen all the games surreptitiously through a knot-hole in the paling, or from the airy apex of a telegraph-pole, waxes sad and sore and weary; how his soul is surcharged with a great grinding grief, as he observes goats, cows, and other fauna grazing serenely upon the sacred diamond.

And it is just at this dreamy, sentimental period of the year, when nature is fading away like a pair of three-dollar lavender trousers, that the gobbler gathers himself into a sombre ball upon the topmost bough of the sycamore and scans the rim of the horizon like a mariner on a yard arm. He is quiet and conservative, but his spirit is filled with a dire foreboding which thrills his drumsticks and second joints, and causes his Dundreary wattles to swing wistfully to and fro. Now, too, the crack of the breech-loader is heard in the land, and the baying of the hound and the drum solo of the partridge make music for the poet's ear. And the enthusiastic sportsman tramps all day through woods and bogs until he is so weary that he can sit and fall asleep on a sharp fence-rail, and the dog is so full of burs that upon his return home he will fall asleep on the carpet and stick so tight unto it that it will require a pair of scissors and a barber to set him free. And yet the huntsman is happy even in his great weariness and hunger, and despite the fact that he has shot nothing except an occasional temporary hole through various clouds of mosquitoes. He sits upon the fence and munches a stray raw turnip which he has found in the field, or a wrinkled yellow apple covered with red freckles, and he is as happy and care free as is the bird he cannot hit, as he gazes upon the quiet sky, or watches the silver birches as they tremble in the mirror of the bright, unlined stream.

A soft light shimmers on the downs, and the gray clouds huddle in the sombre sky. Across the stubble darts a wild bird on merry wing and brings a gracious, tender message informing us that the promise of the pumpkin has reached fulfillment, and that the tawny pie now shines upon the land with the rosy effulgence of the harvest moon. And the pie generates a feeling of subtle joy when it smiles upon the snowy damask, and helps along the rippling melody of the crackling logs upon the hearth.

WHAT'S GOING ON

THE anti-gambling amendment adopted by the Constitutional Convention will be fiercely opposed by certain interests, but there can hardly be a question of its approval by the people. It is in the interest of sound morals and the highest welfare of society. It provides, specifically, that "no lottery or sale of lottery tickets, pool-selling, book-making, or any other kind of gambling shall hereafter be authorized or allowed within this State." Of the one hundred and thirteen votes cast in the convention only four were recorded against the amendment. It is not surprising that the turf gamblers and gamblers of every sort and degree are filled with indignation and alarm at this practically unanimous condemnation of their trade.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD seems to be possessed of a terrible dread of Chinese cheap labor. In an article in the *New Review*, in which he undertakes to justify the action of Japan in making war upon China, he insists that in doing so she is guarding the civilized world. Two supreme dangers, he says, always menace the interests of civilization—the Mongol and the Slav: China and Russia. The danger from the former consists in the possibility of "a prodigious Chinese immigration into all the fields of labor." If Japan succeeds in the present contest, a breakwater will be established against this inundation of cheap and servile labor, which, according to Sir Edwin, would prove

more devastating to the world than the invasion by the Goths was to the Roman Empire, and so civilized mankind will be made her debtor. We confess that we are unable to appreciate the logic of this argument, but then it is no worse than that employed by some other Englishmen in their efforts to bolster the course of China as to the internal administration of Corea; and besides, some allowance must be made for the fervor of so enthusiastic a champion as Sir Edwin Arnold has shown himself to be as to all things Japanese, ever since he fell under their spell during his brief residence in the empire.

SOMETHING ought to be done to abate the smoke nuisance in this city. It is simply outrageous that the air within the city limits should be polluted as it is by great volumes of soot and noxious gases spouted from thousands of chimneys. The *Electrical Review*, which is striving to arouse public attention to the necessity of some municipal action in the matter, points out that electricity—a perfectly clean agent—can be easily substituted for the present uncleanly and costly method of making and using heat: "An electric current of sufficient volume to supply all the needs of a whole city, manufacturing and domestic, can be manufactured, so to speak, without the city limits and distributed at a price which would net the consumer a lower cash outlay than he now disburses to the coal barons. Light, heat, power, locomotion, all ubiquitous and universal within city limits. This millennium is not far off. It wants only municipal organization and a city ordinance or two. The smoke nuisance will then disappear forever from sight and smell, and steam locomotives entering a city become a thing of the past." May that good day come with swift pace!

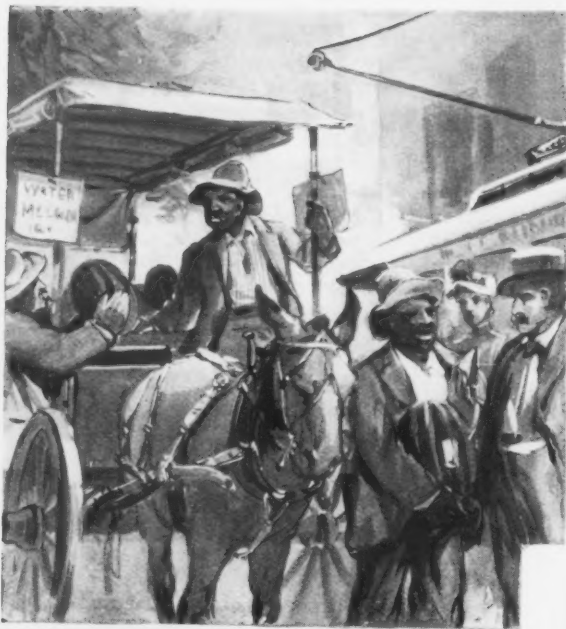
THERE is an apparent purpose on the part of some Republican managers in this city to insist on a straight Republican ticket in the municipal election, and to insist that the candidate for mayor shall represent the machine element of the party. It ought to be understood by these gentlemen that a persistence in this demand will lead inevitably to disaster. The nominee for mayor must indeed be a Republican, but he must represent the higher impulses and tendencies of the party rather than the lower and the baser. As to the remainder of the ticket, it should represent those elements of opposition to Tammany which have been active, outside of the Republican ranks, in helping forward the crusade for its overthrow. The *Tribune*, in a recent article on the subject, expressed the precise needs of the situation when it said:

"The candidate should be a Republican, but not a man whose chief distinction is his political prominence. He must be well known to all New Yorkers, and he must possess the full respect of all, including his most strenuous opponents. He ought to be universally recognized not only as a man of deservedly high standing and ripe experience in his business or profession, but as a good citizen identified with the moral and material development of New York, and with wise undertakings to enhance its good repute and prosperity. Above all, he must be free from any possible taint of subservience to any boss. There is no lack of such Republicans in this city. The names of many will occur to all who consider the requirements of the situation. It is not necessary to recite them, or to denote the type by designating an individual. A clear idea of the true standard and an ample list of the men who come up to it are already in the minds of those whom we hope to see empowered to make the choice."

A RECENT statement by ex-Mayor Hewitt that all candidates for judgeships in this city are required to pay heavy political assessments as the condition of their nomination has attracted a good deal of attention here and elsewhere. Mr. Hewitt is not in the habit of speaking at random, and this fact, taken in connection with the other fact that he is thoroughly familiar with the politics and political methods of the metropolis, justifies the belief that his statement rests upon a solid foundation. Indeed, a number of judges have admitted the fact charged, and while they do not name the amounts they were required to pay, there is evidence from other sources that the sums in two cases aggregated from twenty thousand to thirty thousand dollars each. Another occupant of the Bench admitted, in the accounting which he filed after his election, that he had spent nearly fifteen thousand dollars in contributions made to Tammany Hall and in other directions. It goes without saying that this bargain and sale of nominations for the higher courts—for that is what it amounts to—is a frightful evil, which should and must be suppressed. Under such a system it is inevitable that our courts will become more or less the instruments of partisan prejudice and mendacity, the interests of justice, and very often the rights of litigants, being made subordinate to considerations of political necessity. In the last dozen years there have been repeated decisions in so-called political cases which were impossible of explanation on any other ground than that the courts were so dominated by Tammany influences as to be incapable of a just interpretation of either law or evidence. Undoubtedly we have honest and upright judges in New York, but even these, owing their positions for the most part to Tammany support, are exposed to a pressure at once insidious and persistent, which affects unconsciously their independence. In the interest of cleanly judicial administration, and of every individual and property right, we should find some way of putting an end to the debasement of the Bench to the lowest levels of mercenary partisanship.



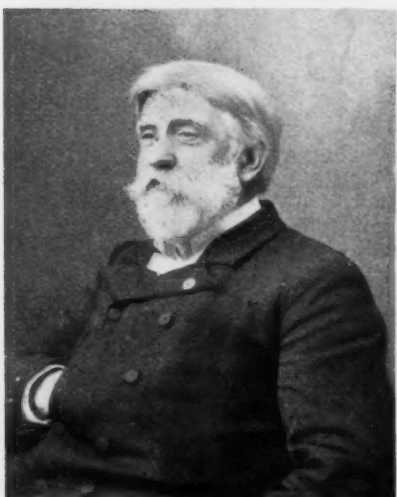
STREET CHARACTERS.



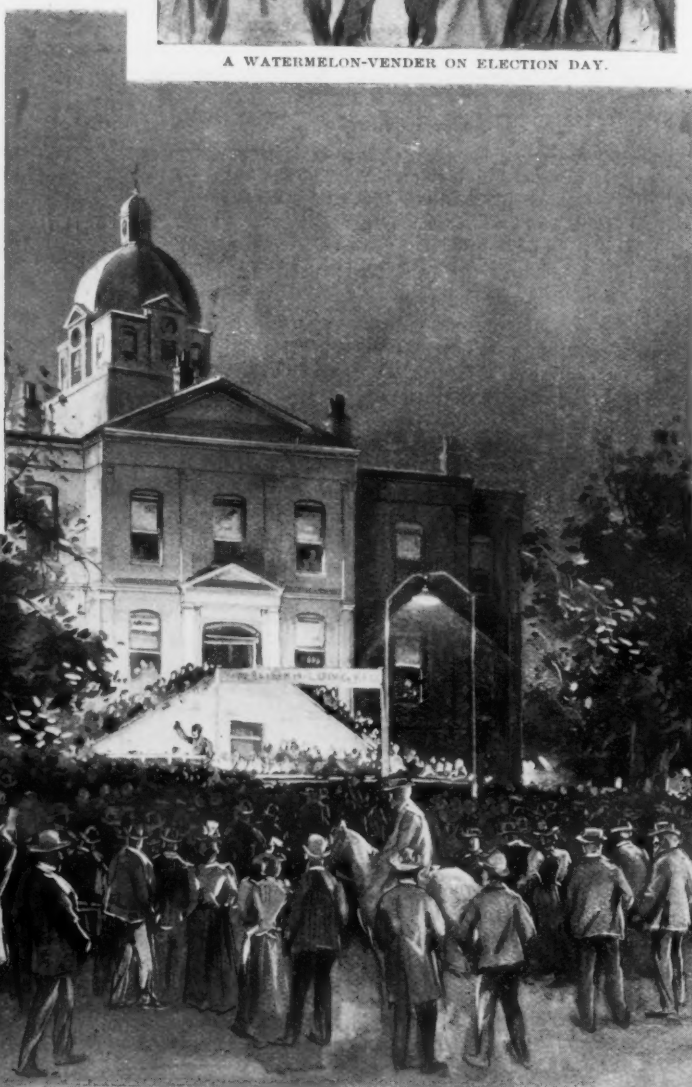
A WATERMELON-VENDER ON ELECTION DAY.



IN A HOTEL CORRIDOR.



WILLIAM C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.



COLONEL BRECKINRIDGE ADDRESSING HIS FOLLOWERS AT THE COURT-HOUSE ON CHEAPSIDE SQUARE, LEXINGTON.



W. C. OWENS.—PHOTOGRAPH BY B. WYBRANT.



HOLDING A PRAYER-MEETING ON THE DAY OF ELECTION.



AT THE POLLS.

KENTUCKY'S REPUDIATION OF BRECKINRIDGE.

INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT CAMPAIGN FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATION IN THE ASHLAND DISTRICT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY F. D. NIEWAC.—[SEE PAGE 217.]
Copyrighted by the Arkell Weekly Company.



"She led him softly through the silent camp to the wood."

TALES OF PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

I.—THE LAKE OF THE GREAT SLAVE.

WHEN Tybalt, the tale-gatherer, asked why it was so called, Pierre said: "Because of the Great Slave;" and then paused.

Tybalt did not hurry Pierre, knowing his whims. If he wanted to tell he would in his own time; if not, nothing could draw it from him. It was near an hour before Pierre eased off from the puzzle he was solving with bits of paper, and obliged Tybalt. He began as if they had been speaking the moment before:

"They have said it is legend, but I know better. I have seen the records of the company*, and it is all there. I was at Fort o' Glory, and in a box two hundred years old the Factor and I found it. Along with the records were other papers, and some of them had the red seals and a name scrawled along the bottom of the page."

Pierre shook his head, as if in pleasant musing. He was a born story-teller. Tybalt was aching with interest, and he scented a thing of note.

"How did any of those papers, signed with a scrawl, begin?" he said.

"To our dearly-beloved, or something like that," answered

Pierre. "There were letters also, and two of them were full of harsh words, and these were signed with the scrawl."

"What was that scrawl?" asked Tybalt.

Pierre stooped to the sand and wrote two words with his finger. "Like that," he answered.

Tybalt looked intently for an instant, and then drew a long breath. "Charles Rex," he said, hardly above his breath.

Pierre gave him a suggestive sidelong glance. "That name was droll, eh?"

Tybalt's blood was tingling with the joy of discovery. "It is a great name," he said, shortly.

"The slave was great—the Indians said so at the last."

"But that was not the name of the slave?"

"Mais, non. Who said so? Charles Rex—like that! was the man who wrote letters to the other."

"To the Great Slave?"

Pierre made a gesture of impatience. "Very sure."

"Where are those letters now?"

"They have gone to the governor of the company."

Tybalt cut the tobacco for his pipe savagely.

"You'd have liked one of those papers?" asked Pierre provokingly.

"I'd give five hundred dollars for one!" broke out Tybalt.

Pierre lifted his eyebrows. "T'sh! what's the good of five hundred dollars up here? What would you do with a letter like that?"

Tybalt laughed, with a touch of irony, for Pierre was clearly "rubbing it in."

"Perhaps for a book?" gently asked Pierre.

"Yes, if you like."

"It is a pity. But there is a way."

"How?"

"Put me in the book. Then—"

"How does that touch the case?"

Pierre shrugged a shoulder gently, for he thought Tybalt was unusually obtuse. Tybalt thought so himself before the episode was over.

"Go on," he said, with clouded brow but interested eye. Then, as if a thought had suddenly come to him: "To whom were the letters addressed, Pierre?"

"Wait!" was the reply. "One letter said: 'Good cousin, We are evermore glad to have thee and thy most excellent mistress near us. So, fail us not at our cheerful doings yonder at Highgate.' Another—a year after—said: 'Cousin, for the sweetening of our mind, get thee gone into some distant corner of our pasturage—the farthest doth please us most. We would

* The Hudson's Bay Company.

not have thee on foreign ground, for we bear no ill-will to our brother princes, and yet we would not have thee near our garden of good loyal souls; for thou hast a rebel heart and a tongue of divers tunes—thou lovest not the good, old song of duty to thy prince. Obeying us, thy lady shall keep thine estates untouched; failing obedience, thou wilt make more than thy prince unhappy. Fare thee well." That was the way of two letters," said Pierre.

"How do you remember so?"
Pierre shrugged a shoulder again. "It is easy with things like that."

"But word for word?"

"I learned it word for word."

"Now for the story of the lake—if you won't tell me the name of the man."

"The name afterward—perhaps. 'Well, he came to the farthest corner of the pasturage, to the Hudson's Bay country, two hundred years ago. What do you think? Was he so sick of all that he would go so far he could never get back? Maybe those 'cheerful doings' at Highgate, eh? And the lady—who can tell?"

Tybal reached over and seized Pierre's arm with a sudden conviction.

"You know more. Good heavens! can't you see I'm on needles to hear? Was there anything in the letters about the lady—anything more than you've told?"

Pierre liked no man's hand on him, and seldom did he put his hand on any man. He liked it no better because Tybalt was of higher social place than himself, nor because the grasp was friendly. He glanced down at the eager hand and then said, coldly:

"You are a great man. You can tell a story in many ways, but I in one way alone, and that is my way—*mais oui!*"

"Very well, Pierre, have it so, and take your own time; only tell me all you know."

"*Bien*, I got the story from two heads. If you hear a thing like that from Indians you call it legend; if from the company's papers you call it history. Well, in this there is not much difference between. The papers tell precise facts; the legend tells how, gives the feeling, is more true. How can you judge of facts if you don't know the feeling? No! what is bad becomes good sometimes, when you know the how, the feeling, the place. If I were a writing man like you I would think of that often. Well, this story of the Great Slave. There is a race of Indians in the far North who have hair so brown as yours, monsieur, and eyes no darker. It is said they are a batch of those who lived at the Pole before the sea broke over the isthmus and swallowed up so many islands. *Bien*, in those days the fair race came to the South for the first time—that is, far below the circle. They had their women with them. I have seen those of to-day—fine and tall, with breasts like apples and a cheek to tempt a man like you, monsieur; no grease in the hair—no, Monsieur Tybalt!"

Tybal sat moveless under the not very delicate irony, but his eyes were fixed intently on Pierre, his mind ever traveling far ahead of the tale.

"*Et puis*: The 'good cousin' of Charles Rex, he made a journey with two men over to the far-off Metal River, the place of the Sardonix Stone, and one day this tribe from the North came on his camp. It was summer, and they were camping in the valley of the Young Moon, more sweet, they say, than any in the North. The Indians cornered them. There was a fight, and one of the company's men was killed and five of the others. But when the king of the people of the Pole saw that the great man was fair of face he called for the fight to stop.

"Now, there was a big talk all by signs, and the king said for the great man to come with them and be one with them, for they loved his fair face—their forefathers were fair like him. He should have the noblest of their women for his wife, and be a prince among them. He would not go, so they drew away again and fought. A stone-axe brought the great man to the ground. But he was stunned, not killed. Then the other man gave up, and said he would be one of them if they would take him. They would have killed him but for one of the women. She said that he should live to tell their tales of the south country and the strange people when they came again to their camp-fires. So they let him live, and he was one of them. But the chief man, because he was stubborn and scorned them, and because he had killed the son of the king in the fight, they made a slave, and carried him north a captive, till they came to this lake—the Lake of the Great Slave."

"In all ways they tried him, but he would not yield, neither to wear their dress, nor to worship their gods, nor to follow after the sayings of their medicine-man. So that, when his clothes were taken away, his gold-handled dagger, his belt of silk and silver, his carbine with rich chasing, and all, he was among them almost naked—it was summer, as I said—yet defying them. He was very tall—taller by a head than any of the other men, and his white skin showed like marble and rippled like soft steel."

Tybal felt inclined to ask Pierre how he knew all this, but he held his peace. Pierre, however, as if divining his thoughts, went on:

"You ask how I know these things. *Bien*,

there are the legends. The people have told me, and there were the papers of the company. They had tried every way, but it was no use; he would have nothing to say to them. At last they came to this lake. Now something great occurred. The woman who had been the wife of the king's dead son, her heart went out in love of the Great Slave, but he never looked at her. One day there were great sports, for it was the feast of the Red Star. The young men did feats of strength, here on this ground where we sit. The king's wife, with a clear voice, called out for the Great Slave to measure strength with them all. He would not stir. The king commanded him; still he would not, but stood among them silent and looking over their heads, as if not thinking of them. At last two young men of good height and sinew taunted him and threw arrows at his bare breast. The blood came in spots. Then he gave a cry through his beard, and was on them like a lion. He caught them, one in each arm, swung them from the ground and brought their heads together with a crash, breaking their skulls, and dropped them at his feet. Then seizing a long spear, he waited for the rest. But they did not come, for, with a loud voice, the king told them to fall back, and went and felt the bodies of the men. One of them was dead; the other was his second son—he would live."

"It is a great deed," said the king, "for these were no children, but strong men."

"Then again he offered the Great Slave women to marry, and fifty tents of good deer-skin for the making of a village, if he would be one with them. But the Great Slave said no, making it clear that all he wished was to get back to Fort o' Glory."

"It was not to be. The king refused. But that night, as he slept in his tent, the girl-widow came to him, waked him, and told him to come with her. He came forth, and she led him softly through the silent camp to the wood over there where I point. She entered the wood with him. He told her she need go no further. Without a word she reached over and kissed him on the breast. Then he understood. He told her that she could not come with him, for there was that lady in England—his wife, eh? But never mind, that will come. He was too great to save his life or be free at the price. Some are born that way. They have their own commandments and they keep them."

"He told her that she must go back. She gave a little cry and came huddling to his feet in a swoon. He would not leave her so, but stooped and tried to bring her back. Soon she opened her eyes, then gave a start, and, before she quite knew who he was, said something strange. From this she knew she would be in danger if she went back."

"So then he told her to come, for it was in his mind to bring her to Fort o' Glory, where she could marry an Indian there. But now she would not go with him, but turned toward the village. A woman is a strange creature—yes, like that! She did not know him. Now he refused to go. She was in danger, and he would share it, whatever it might be. So, though she prayed, he went back with her; and when she saw that he would go in spite of all, she was glad; which is like a woman."

"When he entered the tent again he guessed her danger, for he stepped over the bodies of two dead men. She had killed them. As she turned at the door to go to her own tent another woman faced her. It was the wife of the king, who had suspected and now discovered. Who can tell what it was? Jealousy, perhaps. The Great Slave could tell, maybe, if he could speak, for a man always knows when a woman sets him high. But, anyhow, that was the way it stood. In a moment the girl was marched back to her tent, and all the camp heard a tale, not true, of the widow of the king's son."

"To it there was an end after the way of their laws. The woman should die by fire, and the man as the king might will. It was the law, and it must be so. So there was a great gathering in the place where we are, and the king sat against that big white stone, which is now as it was then. Then silence was called and the girl-widow was brought forth. The king spoke: 'Thou, who hadst a prince for thy husband, hast gone in the night to the tent of a slave, the slave who killed thy husband, whereby thou also becomest a slave and shamest the greatness which was given thee. Thou shalt die, as has been set in our law.'

"At that the girl-widow rose. 'I did not know, oh, king, whom I once called father, that he whom thou mad'st a slave slew my husband, the prince of our people and thy son. That was not told me. But had I known it, still would I have set him free, for thy son was killed in fair battle, and this man deserves not slavery or torture. That I did seek the tent of the Great Slave is true, but it was to set him free. For that did I go, and, for the rest, my soul is open to the Spirit Who Sees. And I have done naught, and never did, nor ever will, that might shame a king, or the daughter of a king, or the wife of a king, or a woman. If to set a noble captive free is death, then am I ready. And I will answer all pure women in the far Camp of the Great Fires without fear. There is no more, oh, king, that I may say but this: she who dies by fire, being of noble blood, may

choose who shall light the fagots—is it not so?"

"Then the king replied: 'It is so. Such is our law.'

"After that there was counseling between the king and his oldest men, and so long were they handing the matter back and forth that it looked as if she might go free. But the king's wife, seeing, came and spoke to the king and the others, crying out for the honor of her dead son; so that in a moment of temper they all declared for death."

"When the king said again to the girl that she must die by fire she answered: 'It is as the Spirit wills. But it is so, as I said, that I may choose who shall light the fires?'

"The king answered yes, and asked her whom she chose. She turned to where the Great Slave stood, and pointed. And all, even the king and his councillors, wondered, because they knew little of the heart of women. What is a man with a matter like that? Nothing—nothing at all. They would have set this for punishment. That she should ask for it was beyond them. Yes; even the king's wife—it was beyond her. But the girl herself, *Voyez*, was it not this way?—If she died by the hand of him she loved, then it would be easy, for she could forget the pain in the thought that his heart would ache for her, and that at the very last he might care, and she should see it. Ah, she was great in her way, also—that girl, two hundred years ago."

"*Alors* they led the girl a little distance off—there is the spot, where you see the ground heave a little—and the Great Slave was brought up. The king told him why the girl was to die. He went like stone, looking, looking at them. He knew that the girl's heart was like a flower or a little child's, and the shame of the thing, the cruelty of it, froze him silent for a minute, and the color flew from his face to here and there on his body, like a flame on marble. After a little the cords began to beat and throb in his neck and on his forehead, and his eyes gave out fire like flint on an arrow-head."

"Then he began to talk. He could not say much, for he knew so little of their language. But it was 'No!' every other word. 'No—no—no—no!' the words ringing from his chest. 'She is good!' he said. 'The other—no!' and he made a motion with his hand. 'She must not die—no! Evil! It is a lie! I will kill each man one by one who says so if he dares come forth. She tried to save me—well? Here he made a fine motion and drew himself up. Then he made them know that he was of high place in a far country, and that a man like him would not tell a lie. And that pleased the king, for he was proud, and he saw that the slave was better stuff than himself. Besides, the king was a brave man, and he had strength, and more than once he had laid his hand on the chest of the other, as one might on a grand animal. Perhaps, even then, they might have spared the girl if it was not for the queen. She would not hear of it. Then they tried the Great Slave. Because the girl was found guilty, he must be found so. The queen sent him word to beg for pardon. So he stood out and spoke to the queen. She sat up straight, with pride in her eyes, for was it not a great prince (as she thought) pleading? But all at once a cloud fell on her face, for he asked for pardon for the girl. Since there must be death, let him die, and die by fire in her place! At that two women cried out—the poor girl for joy, not at the thought that her life would be saved, but because she thought the man loved her now, or he would not offer to die for her; and the queen for hate, because she thought the same. You can guess the rest: they were both to die, though the king was sorry for the man."

"Now the king's speaker came out and asked them if they had anything to say. The girl stepped forward, her face without any fear, but a kind of noble pride in it, and said: 'I am ready, oh, king.'

"The Great Slave bowed his head and seemed thinking much. They asked him again, and he waved his hand at them. Then the king spoke up in anger, and he smiled and said: 'Oh, king, I am not ready; if I die, I die.' Then he fell to thinking again. But once more the king spoke: 'Thou shalt surely die, but not by fire, nor now; not till we have come to our great camp in our own country. There thou shalt die. But the woman shall die at the going down of the sun. She shall die by fire, and thou shalt light the fagots for the burning.'

"At this the Great Slave said that he would not do it, not if he died a hundred deaths, each worse than the last. Then the king said that it was the woman's right to choose who should start the fire, and he had given his word, which should not be broken."

"When the Great Slave heard this he was wild for a little, and then he guessed altogether what was in the girl's mind. Was not this the true thing in her, the very truest? *Mais, oui!* That was what she wished—to die by his hand rather than by any other; and something troubled his breast, and a cloud gathered at his eyes, so that for a moment he could not see. He looked at the girl, so serious, eye to eye. Perhaps she understood. So, after a time, he got calm as the farthest light in the sky, his face shining among them all with a look none could

read. He sat upon the ground and wrote upon pieces of bark with a spear-point—those bits of bark I have seen also at Fort o' Glory, two of them, though there have been more. When he had done he pierced them through with dried strings of the slippery elm tree, and with the king's consent gave them to the company's man, who had become one of the people, telling him that if ever he was free, or could send them to the company, he must do so. The man promised, and shame came upon him that he had let the other suffer alone, and he said he was willing to fight and die if the Great Slave gave the word. But he would not, and urged that it was right for the man to save his life. For himself, no. It could never be, and if he must die, he must die."

"You see, a great man must always live alone and die alone, when there are only such people about him. So now that the letters were written, he sat upon the ground and thought, looking often toward the girl, who also sat apart, with guards near. The king sat thinking also. He could not guess why the Great Slave should give the letters now, since he was not yet to die, nor could the company's man give a reason when the king asked him. So the king waited, and told the guards to see that the Great Slave should not kill himself."

"As for the queen, her heart was hard, and she hungered for the death of the girl, and was glad beyond telling that the slave must light the fagots. She saw with pleasure the young braves bring a long sapling from the forest and, digging a hole, put it stoutly in the ground and fetch wood and heap it about."

"The Great Slave saw this also, and his face set stern. He noted that the bark of the sapling had not been stripped, and more than once he seemed to measure the space between the stake and the shores of the lake; but he did this most private, so that no one saw but the girl, whose eyes were on him all the time."

"At last the time was come. The lake was all rose and gold out there in the west, and the water so still, so still. The cool, moist scent of the leaves and grass came out from the woods and up from the plain, and the world was so full of content that a man's heart could cry out, even as now, while we look—eh, is it not good? See the deer drinking there on the other shore!"

He became silent, as if he had forgotten the story altogether. His look was so steady in the distance that he seemed hardly to wink. Tybalt was impatient, but he did not speak. He took a twig and wrote in the sand, "*Charles Rex*." Pierre glanced down and saw it. He went on, still looking in the distance.

"There was beating of the little drums and the crying of the king's speaker; and soon all was ready and the people gathered at a distance, and the king and his wife and the chief men nearer; and the girl was brought forth."

"As they led her past the Great Slave she looked into his eyes, and afterward her heart was glad, for she knew that at the last he would be near her, and that his hand should light the fires. Two men tied her to the stake, she making no sound, but patient and still. When this was done the king's man cried out again, telling of her crime and calling for her death. The Great Slave was brought near. No one knew that the palms of his hands had been rubbed in the sand for a purpose. When he was brought beside the stake a torch was given him by his guards. He looked at the girl. She smiled at him and said: 'Good-bye. Forgive. I die not afraid, and happy.'

"He did not answer, but stooped and lit the sticks here and there. But suddenly he seized a burning stick, and it and the torch he thrust, like lightning, in the faces of his guards, blinding them. Then he sprang to the stake and with a huge pull wrenched it from the ground, girl and all, and rushed to the shore of the lake with her, tied so, in his arms."

"So swift had he been, that at first no one stirred. He reached the shore, rushed into the water, dragging a boat out with one hand as he did so, and putting the girl in, seized a paddle and was away with a start. A few strokes and then he stopped, picked up a hatchet that was in the boat with many spears, and freed the girl from the stake. He then paddled on, trusting with a small hope that through his great strength he might keep ahead till darkness came, and then, in the gloom, they could escape. The girl also seized an oar, and the canoe—the king's own canoe—came on like a swallow."

"But the tribe was after them in fifty canoes, some coming straight along, some spreading out to close in later. It was no equal game, for these people were so deft and strong with the oars, and they were a hundred or more to two. There could be but one end. It was what the Great Slave had looked for—to fight till the last breath. And here he could fight for the woman who had risked all for him—just a common woman of the North, but it seemed good to die for her, and she would be happy to die with him."

"So they stood side by side when the spears and arrows rained round them, and they gave death and wounds for wounds in their own bodies. And when at last the Indians climbed into the canoe the Great Slave was dead of many wounds, and the woman, all gashed, lay

with her lips to his wet, red cheek. And she smiled as they dragged her away; and her soul followed hard after her to the Camp of the Great Fires, where she should have no fear to answer all pure women after their kind, as she said."

Pierre stopped and looked at Tybalt, who, for a moment, had no eyes or tongue; but there kept up a churning in his throat which had to do with the milk of human kindness. It was long before he spoke, but at last he said: "If I could but tell it as you have told it to me, Pierre!"

And Pierre answered: "Tell it with your tongue, and this shall be nothing to it; for what am I? What English have I, a gypsy of the snows? But do not write it; *mais, non!* Writing wanders from the matter—the eyes and the tongue and the time, that is the thing. But in a book—it will sound all cold and thin. It is for the North, for the camp-fire, for the big talk before a man rolls into his blanket and is at peace. No! no writing, monsieur. Speak it everywhere with your tongue."

"And so I would, were my tongue as yours. Pierre, tell me more about the letters at Fort o' Glory. You know his name—what was it?"

"You said five hundred dollars for one of those letters. Is it not?"

"Yes." Tybalt had a new hope.

"Tsh! What do I want of five hundred dollars? But here; answer me a question: Was the lady—his wife, she that was left in England—a good woman? Answer me out of your own sense, and from my story. If you say right you shall have a letter—one that I have by me."

Tybalt's heart leaped into his throat. After a little he said, huskily: "She was a good woman—he believed her that, and so shall I."

"You think he could not have been so great unless, eh? And that Charles Rex, what of him?"

"What good can it do to call him bad now?"

Without a word Pierre drew from a leather wallet a letter, and by the light of the fast-setting sun Tybalt read it, then read it again, and yet again.

"Poor soul! poor lady!" he said. "Was ever such another letter written to any man? And it came too late; this, with the king's recall, came too late!"

"So—so. He died out there where that wild duck flies—a Great Slave. Years after the company's man brought word of all."

Tybalt was looking at the name on the outside of the letter.

"How do they call that name?" asked Pierre. "It is like none I've seen."

But Tybalt shook his head sorrowfully and did not answer.

THE AMATEUR FIELD

THE FOOT-BALL OUTLOOK.

NOTWITHSTANDING the efforts of the men who are in immediate charge of Harvard's foot-ball interests to prevent such a thing, there seems to be more than an even chance that Harvard and Princeton will meet this year, and in Cambridge, too, where the last game between these two colleges was played in the fall of 1890. Perhaps before this appears in print the game may have been arranged. It has not yet been fixed.

Princeton has always been willing to play Harvard, and the sentiment at Cambridge, especially among the older men, has favored a renewal of those pleasant relations which used to exist between the New Jersey and the Massachusetts colleges. Harvard refused to meet Princeton in base-ball and foot-ball without enough deliberation, and the regret that such a step was taken has been growing more widespread. Consequently, two years ago a series of base-ball games was arranged, and since 1892 the two nines have decided which was the better. In foot-ball Harvard has been more stubborn. Mr. Stewart, who was for three years at the head of the Harvard coaches, was opposed to playing Princeton, and the other men followed his lead. At the beginning of the present season it was said authoritatively that a Harvard-Princeton game was out of the question, but within the last two weeks the situation has changed.

The repeated advances of Princeton and the weight of graduate Harvard sentiment brought about a meeting of Harvard foot-ball men about two weeks ago. At that conference thirteen prominent men, nearly all graduates, considered the possibility of playing Princeton. Captain Trenchard sent up word that Princeton was very anxious to meet Harvard—so anxious, in fact, that almost any place for playing the game would be satisfactory, even Cambridge. This statement had its effect, and when the question was put to vote nine members of the conference voted to play Princeton. Unfortunately for a settlement of the issue, one of the four men who opposed the Princeton game was Captain Emmons, and so the meeting adjourned without taking final action. That is the situation at the present writing.

Trenchard said further that if Harvard did not accept this proposition Princeton would make a formal challenge and thus bring the matter up for public discussion. As has already been said in these columns, the only date which will be satisfactory to both elevens is October 27th, which is very early in the season. That day, however, will give neither side an advantage, and the objection of time is the only one to be urged against it. One point is settled. If Harvard and Princeton do play, the game will take place in Cambridge, for Captain Emmons will not be likely to waive that point.

Balliet will not play centre rusher for Princeton this year. For some time rumors about his marriage have been flying about, and they are now confirmed. The loss of Balliet will be a serious one to the Princeton eleven. With the exception of Lewis, of Harvard, he was beyond question the most efficient centre in the country, and some of the observers of the game thought Balliet to be the equal of the Harvard player. As the two men did not play against each other, the comparisons had to be indirect. But at any rate it will be almost impossible for Trenchard to find so good a player as Balliet. Dudley Riggs, '97, a brother of the famous old Princeton guard, Rhodes, '97 and a freshman named Crowdis are the most promising candidates for the vacant position. In the early practice they have given a good impression of themselves, but they entirely lack the experience which made Balliet so strong against players who were much heavier than he was. Princeton will now have to develop a new centre and a new quarter-back. With comparatively untried players in these important positions, the eleven will be decidedly weaker than it was last year, and the supporters of the orange-and-black should not allow themselves to become exuberant over their prospects of defeating Yale.

Harvard has played her last foot-ball on Jarvis field. Hereafter the practice and games will take place on Soldiers' field, the new playground across the Charles River from the college yard. The new athletic building has been erected there, the seats have been put in position, and everything is ready for the season. Soldiers' field is about eleven minutes' walk from Harvard Square—much further away than the old field, but still much nearer than the Yale field is to the New Haven campus.

John Merrill

The War in the East.

INTERVIEW WITH JAPAN'S NEW MINISTER.

IN the midst of the present crisis in the affairs of the far Eastern nations, when the United States may be asked to aid in settling the differences between China and Japan, the latter country has made an important change in its diplomatic representative in this country, recalling M. Gozo Tateno and commissioning as minister plenipotentiary in his stead M. Shinichiro Kurino, one of the ablest Japanese diplomats, who is peculiarly fitted for the office because of a familiarity with the language and institutions of America gained by a course of study at Harvard University. Though M. Kurino declines to attach any significance to his appointment, and alleges that it came about only because M. Tateno's term had expired, yet the conditions are such as to suggest that the action is important. The new minister inclines toward democratic simplicity, disdaining pomp and splendid surroundings. He is well-informed on international affairs, speaks the English language fluently, with just a dash of French occasionally but no lapse into the familiar Japanese tongue, and is particularly pleasing in his person and address, having translated the hereditary Japanese courtesy into English. Since his arrival it has been discovered that he appreciates the power of the press, as he has held himself always ready to extend all courtesy to interviewers.

I asked him, "What is the Japanese version of the causes that led to the present war?"

"This trouble arose," he said, "out of the desire of the Japanese government to remove a most potent cause of complications in the East by settling the affairs of Corea, which is still governed under the very imperfect system of the old régime, and therefore cannot have tranquillity until reforms are perfected. When the revolts against the terrible oppression of the local officials broke out in Corea about a year ago, Japan, after sending troops to protect the interests and lives of its people, made an amicable proposal to China that both governments should co-operate in reforming and strengthening the central government of Corea so that it

could maintain peace in the country and render future aid from any Power absolutely unnecessary."

"This was entirely satisfactory to Russia, which is also concerned in the matter, but China, claiming that Corea was tributary to the empire, and that neither Japan nor Russia had any right to interfere, made a flat refusal to consider the proposition, and demanded that Japan should withdraw altogether. Japan claims that Corea is an independent state, and as the Japanese control almost ninety per cent. of the export and import trade, which amounts to about nine million dollars annually, it set to work alone to carry out the necessary reforms. While working to this end Chinese emissaries were constantly intriguing against the Japanese in the Korean court, and at length the Chinese troops marched against the Japanese army, which was being held near Seoul for the protection of Japanese interests. Thus the first conflict was brought on. My country is now fighting to settle this Korean question forever."

"What do you think will be the outcome of the war?" I asked.

"That, of course, is very hard to predict," he answered quickly. "There are so many complications entering into the matter that one can hardly say anything certain about it. We have no fear as to land fighting. In the first engagement near Seoul five thousand Chinese were easily repulsed by about two thousand of our soldiers. There is no doubt that the Japanese are better warriors. Besides, they are better drilled and equipped. One thing that gives Japan the great advantage on land is the fact that the Chinese army has no commissariat service. Each soldier receives, or is supposed to receive, a certain amount each day for food, and he must furnish it himself. Therefore, the country through which a Chinese army is marching is always supposed to supply rations. There has never been a prolonged campaign on the part of one of their armies without the end being the starvation of many soldiers. Corea is a barren country, and if a large Chinese army should be sent into it the soldiers could not live long. On the other hand, the Japanese army has an excellent commissariat service, all supplies for the soldiers, even including fuel, being sent from the home country."

"It is the Chinese navy, if anything, that we have to fear. They possibly have the superior fleet. The only question is whether they can use it. I do not think they can. It is divided into three squadrons. The first, in the north, is under the supreme control of the viceroy of the northern provinces; the second, in the south, under the supreme control of the southern viceroy; and the other under the supreme control of the Canton viceroy. It is the fact that this is a condition which illustrates the situation all over China. The empire is divided into a great many provinces, all ruled over by viceroys, and the people of each speaking different languages, so that there is little if any sympathy that would cause them all to unite in making war against any country. It is doubtful whether the alleged superior naval force, or superior numbers as to population, of China can now be brought into use."

"But, granting that you have a superiority in land fighting now, and your navy, from being all available, is superior, has not China such resources that the struggle can be prolonged until the army can be improved and a stronger navy built? Will not Japan then be crushed by the simple force of superior numbers?" I asked.

"Prolongation will undoubtedly be wearing upon Japan. But I doubt whether the Chinese government can keep up the struggle longer than the Japanese. The government itself is very poor. It is the lesser officials who are rich. The banking and other profitable enterprises are all in the hands of these. We know that the Chinese are not so patriotic as our people, and do not expect that they will yield up their wealth to the government. They have not yet shown any great sympathy. The people of Japan, though, are very patriotic. Already the government has obtained a domestic loan of fifty million yen—which amounts to nearly the same number of dollars—and, from the spirit of the people, I do not doubt that much more could be raised. Even when domestic loans fail the government can obtain foreign money."

EUGENE YOUNG.

[We had hoped to give a portrait of the new minister, but are unable to do so from the fact that he desires to grow a beard before submitting himself to our photographer.—EDITOR.]

The Kentucky Contest.

THE campaign against Colonel Breckinridge and in behalf of decency and morality, in the Ashland district of Kentucky, will be historic.

It stands unique in the record of American political contests. It was a conflict, distinctly, between the higher and the lower forces of Kentucky civilization. Colonel Breckinridge, himself a convicted offender against social purity and divine and human law, stood for vice and immorality in their most hideous forms, and his triumph would have committed his constituency to an approval of acts of depravity and of a life of hypocrisy and moral baseness which has scarcely anywhere been matched. Happily the people of the district appreciated the significance and gravity of the test to which they were subjected, and met the issue presented with a courage and fidelity to conscience and honor which made the success of the dishonored candidate impossible. The gratitude of the country is especially due to the true-hearted women of the district, who from the very first waged an unrelenting warfare upon the man who had put contempt upon the sanctities of womanhood.

The closing hours of the canvass were marked by intense excitement, and it was at one time feared that serious disturbances would occur; but through the influence of the leaders of both parties these were averted, and beyond a few personal encounters there were no demonstrations of violence. On election day prayer-meetings were held in Lexington and elsewhere throughout the district, at which addresses and intercessions for the triumph of the right were made by devout men and women. After the closing of the polls the streets of Lexington, where Colonel Breckinridge resides, were thronged by excited crowds of citizens waiting the returns, and when it became known that Mr. Owens had apparently secured a plurality of the votes in the district the enthusiasm of his partisans found expression in the wildest manifestations of rejoicing. Large sums of money had been wagered upon the result, and the plans for a contest of the official vote are believed to have been instigated by those who had backed Colonel Breckinridge and lost. The exact plurality of Owens, as shown by the official returns, was 255, in a total vote of 19,299. The vote cast for Settle, the third candidate, was 3,406, so that the actual majority against Breckinridge was 3,661.

Mr. W. C. Owens, who as the result of this exciting canvass becomes the Democratic candidate for Congress, is a gentleman of fair abilities, notable mainly as an orator, but in no sense equal in this respect to his defeated competitor. He is not without experience in affairs, having served honorably in the State Legislature, but in an ordinary contest he would not, probably, have cut any conspicuous figure. As the representative, however, of the moral sentiment of his district in the struggle just concluded, he has achieved national prominence, and if elected to the House will undoubtedly hold a commanding place in the public thought as well as in the councils of his party.

At Provincetown.

"My husband? Aye, my husband, man!
A year ago this day
He sailed; and him and me just wed."
Yet she was old and gray.

"The youngest master of the fleet;
But ask about the town
If better skipper sails the sea
Than Captain Ephraim Brown.

"I've known him most since he was born;
We was but boy and girl
When he first bore me in his skiff
Through wind and wave and swirl.

"And then he went before the mast,
And then became a mate,
And then—why, I'd growed up with him—
Here I would watch and wait.

"Across the bars off Highland Light
The wind might whistle hoarse—
'Twas by my figure on this hill
He'd always lay his course.

"Then, when he called a ship his own,
—She's named for me—he said:
'Why, Jennie, ain't it now most time
That you an' me was wed?'

"And we was wed in the old church
Just yonder, up along.
(I seems to hear the parson's voice,
The organ and the song.)

"One week—and he put out to sea,
A year ago this day:
The youngest master of the fleet!"
Yet she was old and gray.

"My husband? Aye, my husband, man!
Just past a year we're wed.
Ask any one you mind." I asked
The first I met. He said:

"Why, that's the crazy Widow Brown.
She's always watchin', though
Her husband's ship was lost at sea
Some thirty years ago."

GUSTAV KOBBE.



LINE OF FOUR-IN-HANDS.



LORD HAWKE AT THE BAT, KING DOWLING.



HOW THE SCORE WAS DISPLAYED.



GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA.



GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET.

THE GAMES BETWEEN LORD HAWKE'S TEAM AND THE GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA, ON THE GROUNDS OF THE MERION CLUB AT HAVERFORD.

[SEE PAGE 221.]

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QUAIL-SHOOTING IN MARYLAND.—DRAWN BY HERMANN SIMON.

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THE BANKS OF NEW YORK.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE GREAT FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS.



CHEMICAL NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

NEW YORK, the metropolis of the western hemisphere, is also its financial centre. In the early days of the republic Philadelphia took the lead and established the first American bank. After the retirement, however, of the Bank of the United States, New York forged ahead and Wall Street, with its energy, ability, and enterprise, became a most potent factor in the development of the country's resources.

Numerous and varied are the exciting episodes that crowd the history of Wall Street for the last half-century, chief among them being: the suspension of specie payments in 1857; the magnificent rally of the banks in aid of the government during the war of the Rebellion; the tragedy of Black Friday and the preservation of the interior banks in 1873, 1884, 1890, and the more recent panic of 1893, by the issue of large amounts in clearing-house certificates.

The National Banking Act of 1865 practically constituted New York the depository of the banking reserves of the entire country. About five hundred and fifty million dollars are held in deposit by the metropolitan banks,

nearly half of which is money of country banks, while the dealings of private banking-houses in foreign exchange amount to upward of twenty billions of dollars a year.

The local money market includes among its agencies about forty-five State and fifty national banks, with aggregate resources approximating \$750,000,000. Sixty-four of these banks are united in the Clearing-house Association, an institution, primarily, for the prompt settlement of bank exchanges, and also a medium through which the banks may act in unison in times of emergency.

The three oldest banks of the metropolis are: The Bank of New York, founded by Alexander Hamilton in 1784; the Manhattan Company, chartered through the agency of Aaron Burr, in 1799, as a corporation to supply the city with water and incidentally granted banking privileges; and the Merchants' National Bank, established in 1803 by a body of merchants who aimed to found a banking machine free from the complications of political influence.

Although of a more recent origin,

THE CHEMICAL NATIONAL BANK

is the most famous of all American banking corporations. It has been aptly said that "the Chemical, alone among American banks, has that attribute of absolute impersonality which pre-eminently distinguishes the Bank of England. True democratic feeling could not tolerate the exercise in this country of any such arbitrary power as is possessed by the British institution, but in other respects, save only the enormous aggregation of capital, the Chemical is the peer of the Bank of England. The latter enjoys no more implicit faith on the part of the public than the former, nor does the English bank keep more rigorously within the delimitations of its sphere as a banking machine. In view of its past successful history and its policy of aggregation, it is not extravagant to predict for some future day a capital for the Chemical rivaling in amount that of the mighty transatlantic engine of finance; while with respect to stability and permanence, the Chemical may even be said to give greater promise, if that be possible, for, unlike the Bank of England, its

fortunes are not entangled with those of the government."

Its stock commands a greater price in proportion to its par value than any other bank stock in the world. It has the greatest surplus and undivided profits of any bank in the country. It has by far the largest amount of individual deposits of any bank not paying interest. It pays the largest percentage of dividends on its par value of any financial corporation. It is the one financial institution that never suspended specie payment during the war of the Rebellion, and redeemed its every promise in gold. So remarkable has been its prosperity that to-day its yearly dividends amount to one hundred and fifty per cent.—a result which speaks eloquently for the ability and wisdom of those who have guided the destinies of this great ship of finance.

The Chemical Bank originated in 1824, being organized under a State charter as "The Chemical Manufacturing Company," with banking privileges. The name arose from the fact that some of the leading men in the enterprise were connected with the drug trade. The charter expired in 1844, and through the efforts of Peter and Robert Goelet and others a capital of \$300,000 was subscribed, and February 24th, 1844, the business of the Chemical Manufacturing Company was taken over by the Chemical Bank. John Q. Jones was the first president, and remained in that office until 1878. He was surrounded by some of the wealthiest and most influential merchants of New York as directors, shareholders, and depositors, among them Alexander T. Stewart, John David Wolfe, Joseph Sampson, C. V. S. Roosevelt, Robert McCroskey, and Japhet Bishop. These men, representing the strength of the dry-goods and hardware trades, brought their own business to the bank and attracted many others to it.

Its stability in the midst of panics and financial disturbances was also influential in securing for the Chemical large individual and corporate deposits. The New York Central Railroad was one of its earliest customers, and has continued the relation to the present time. The conservatism of the management and the strict adherence to legitimate banking methods are generally recognized, and its enormous individual deposits are secured without a penny of interest.

When the Chemical Bank was organized the gross deposits were \$600,000. In 1857 they had increased to \$1,150,000; in 1861, to \$3,241,000; and in 1872, to \$6,002,000. In 1878, when Mr. Williams became president, the gross deposits increased to \$11,400,000; in 1883 to \$16,204,000; in 1885, to \$23,280,000; and in September, 1894, to the enormous sum of \$37,615,000.

The usual annual net amount of the bank's earnings is \$750,000, or two hundred and fifty per cent. on the capital, leaving, after payment of dividends of one hundred and fifty per cent., an addition of one hundred per cent. to profit and loss. The Chemical Bank has now undivided profits of \$1,250,000 in addition to its nominal capital of \$300,000, and a surplus of \$6,000,000. It keeps on hand upward of \$10,000,000,* and does not exercise its privilege as a bank of issue.

It has the best line of deposits in New York City, and therefore in the country. Its first dividend was paid in 1849, five years after its reorganization, being at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, which was increased to eighteen, then to twenty-four per cent., advancing in 1863 to thirty-six per cent., in 1867 to sixty per cent., in 1872 to one hundred per cent., and in 1888 to one hundred and fifty per cent. per annum. The shares of the bank, based on \$100 par value, have sold as high as \$4.980 each, the quotations varying from that sum to \$4.500 a share.

The Chemical's first banking-house was on Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Chapel, occupying part of the site of the present Park Bank. In 1850 it removed to its present site at 270 Broadway.

Mr. George G. Williams, president of the Chemical National Bank, was born in East Haddam, Connecticut, in 1826, and was the second child of Dr. Datus Williams, a successful practitioner who stood high in the community, socially and professionally, for upward of forty years. He was a studious boy, and chose law as a profession, but was induced to abandon the idea when a place was made for him in the great Chemical Bank of New York, which he entered as assistant to the paying-teller in 1841. When only twenty years old, he was promoted to be paying-teller, and was the youngest person in the city similarly em-

ployed. In 1855 he was appointed cashier, and upon the death of Mr. John Quentin Jones, January 1st, 1878, Mr. Williams was elected president of the bank.

Under his wise and prudent management its wonderful prosperity has suffered no check, and its future has become assured. Mr. Williams is of a modest and retiring disposition, although he unquestionably ranks among the ablest financiers of his time. His administration of the office of president of the New York Clearing-house Association during the late financial stringency was notably able and effective, and attracted the attention of the whole monetary world. Through the wise action of Mr. Williams and his colleagues the spread of the panic of 1893 to much more serious proportions was averted, and the masterly way in which it was brought under control and finally subdued has earned for the committee appointed by Mr. Williams unstinted praise.

Although the busiest of men, as president of one of the most important pieces of financial mechanism in the world, Mr. Williams finds time for his duties as vestryman of St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, and director in numerous financial corporations, including the Union Trust Company of New York.

Mr. William J. Quinlan, Jr., the cashier of the Chemical Bank, has filled that office since 1878. The board of directors comprises George G. Williams, James A. Roosevelt, Frederic W. Stevens, Robert Goelet, and William J. Quinlan, Jr.

J. R.

Politics in Texas.



C. A. CULBERSON.

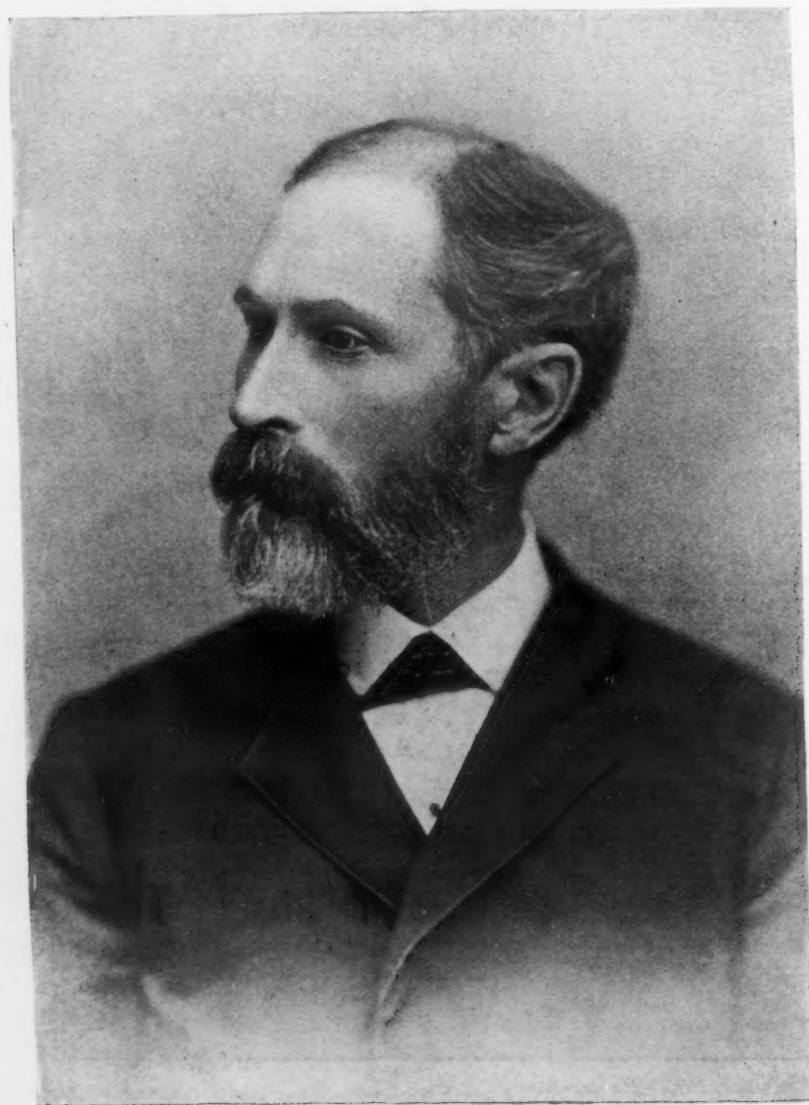
THE passing of the Texas Democracy is great pageantry. It is a bad case of a house divided against itself. The struggle recently ended at Dallas was the biggest in the

history of a party noted for big struggles within its camps. It was mainly Cleveland and anti-Cleveland, with a lot of personality, free silver, and Hoggism thrown in for seasoning. Young Culberson, the Cleveland champion, heads the ticket, and, barring accident, will be the next Governor of the Lone Star empire. He is only thirty-five, and is the son of David B. Culberson, eminent in judiciary work in Congress.

The violence of the factions was unprecedented. It might be said that the Democracy of Texas is rehearsing the fateful Republican part that has led to disaster in Pennsylvania and Kansas, in Massachusetts and Iowa and Illinois. With no enemy in front, ambitious leaders fell to fighting each other. Undisputed sway is a great peril to any political party. But any prophet who would proclaim the possibility of defeat to the Texas Democracy this fall would be distinctly without honor in that neck o' the woods. He would be as the prophetic calamity-howlers were twenty-five years ago in the great Republican strongholds—lacking in good wit and needing to be locked up for the public safety. Of course, when these irrational persons foresaw that John A. Andrew's seventy-five thousand might shrink so far below zero that Russell's twenty-five thousand would be possible; or that the old Republican war party of Kansas would some day be turning out a John James Ingalls to make place for the bearded Peffer, their folly was too rank for toleration! By the same token the unfortunate who says to-day that the Populist hundred thousand and the fast-growing Republican ninety thousand of two years back, saying naught of the vast and unsettled Jonadab vote and of the Lily Whites' poor little four thousand, bode somewhat of ill to the mighty sway of Texas Democracy must be the object of scorn and contumely, and principally fit for padded walls.

The slaughter of Grandpa Reagan was one of the pathetic incidents of the Dallas battle. He made the terrible mistake of thinking Texas Democrats were in earnest in their swearing at Mr. Cleveland. Both Reagan and Hogg thought they would vote as they vociferated, and nominate a roaring enemy of the man in the White House. But the splendid body of Texans at Dallas was not built upon those lines. It fought amazingly over issues, big and little, but of course the outcome was straight Democracy!

A number of broad-brimmed colonels had fondly figured themselves on the road to Austin under the two-thirds rule, and they were visibly tired when the aggressive boy-candidate had his friends smash that time-honored



GEORGE G. WILLIAMS.

* At the present moment, October 1st, 1894, it has on hand in hard cash \$14,500,000, and in exchanges for the clearing-house, \$2,000,000; making the enormous total of \$16,500,000.

Democratic usage. That was the saving of Culberson; but the others are very sad over it.



JOHN T. L. NUGENT.

Judge Nugent, of Fort Worth, is now the second time the standard-bearer of the Populists. He is a man of the highest character, a native of Louisiana, has served ten years on the Bench, and is a power on the stump. It is believed that he will challenge Mr. Culberson to joint debate, which would make a rattling campaign, as the youngster has also a flow of words and much frisky animation. The extraordinary facial resemblance of Judge Nugent to ex-Congressman Willis, of Kentucky, now minister at Honolulu, will be noted by friends of the minister. The Texas Populists have contracted the habit of thinking that the judge is the coming Governor.

The chief significance of the Republican State Convention which nominated W. K. Makemson for Governor and a full State ticket was its almost unanimous refusal further to pool issues and fuse with the Populists. They have been doing that for several years past, but have had enough of it, and are now making a square, stand-up fight on the Republican platform. Mr. Makemson was a brave Confederate soldier, and, as in the case of General Longstreet, General Mahone, Senator Lewis, Colonel Swann, and other noted Southern belligerents, came out of the war believing that concentrated national power and Republican policies were essential to the future safety and prosperity of the country. He has been sheriff of his county, district-attorney, grand master of Texas Odd Fellows, and candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, and is now head of the big law firm of Makemson, Fisher & Roberts, at Georgetown, his specialty being criminal practice. Mr. Makemson has been identified with more murder trials, on one side or the other, than any lawyer in Texas. He is a telling talker to a jury, and knows the force of the old English court maxim, "Say to a judge twice what you would have him hear; to a special jury thrice, and six times to a common jury." He pounds away at his case till the court crowd comes around to his way of thinking.

The Democratic war on wool, which has just retired the noted "Buck" Kilgore and Judge Paschal from the Texas Congressional delegation, will turn a good many Texas votes to the Republicans, and this is peculiarly the case in Jeff Davis County. It is a singular instance, in fact, of the irony of fate, that this great county, nearly as big as a New England State, and created especially to honor the memory of the dead chieftain of the lost cause, should have been turned by Southern political policy into a hotbed of Republicanism. It is almost enough to cause the devoted ashes at Richmond once more to assume mortal leadership against a Yankee principle stalking undisguised in Southern camps.



JOHN B. SCHMITZ.

John B. Schmitz, the reform Republican, or "Lily White" nominee for Governor, is a native of Illinois, like the regular Republican, and is a cabinet-maker by trade. He is now a furniture dealer at Denton, and will probably show for the second time in Texas that the white man's Republican party idea is not taking on winning form in the South.

EDSON BRACE.

Thomas C. Platt.

THE most conspicuous and powerful politician in the United States who is not in office is Thomas C. Platt. On the fingers of one hand can be counted all the politicians in the country who, even with the aid of such official positions as the Presidency, or a United States Senatorship, rival in prominence and influence the private

citizen who is the boss of the Republican party in "the pivotal State" of the nation.

It is an extraordinary career which has culminated in the possession of such vast power. In its early stages there was nothing to foreshadow the later developments. Thurlow Weed was prominent as an editor soon after he reached his majority, and became a figure in national politics by the time he was twenty-seven years old. Mr. Platt reached middle life without attracting attention beyond the neighborhood in which he lived. Born in Owego, New York, in 1833, he went to the local academy and then entered Yale College in what afterward became known as "the famous class of 1853," but was compelled by ill-health to leave midway of his course. His father had been a lawyer and land agent, and the son entered mercantile pursuits, becoming in due time president of the local national bank, and largely interested in lumbering in Michigan. He early developed a taste for politics, became an active worker in the Republican party upon its organization, was elected county clerk in 1859, and by 1870 was prominent enough to be nominated for Congress, although he declined the candidacy because of complications in the convention. Two years later he was elected; in 1874 he was re-elected, despite "the tidal wave" of that year; and he withdrew from Congress only because he declined another nomination in 1876.

Thus far Mr. Platt's record had nothing to distinguish it from that of hundreds of men belonging to his generation, scattered all over the country, who slowly gain sufficient local prominence to carry off the nomination of the dominant party for Congress, serve two or three terms without either distinction or discredit, and then drop back quietly into their former business grooves, leaving no perceptible impress on legislation or politics. It was therefore a surprise to the country, and to all in New York but those who keep close track of political developments, when, early in 1881, Mr. Platt was elected United States Senator. His success was primarily due to much hard work in wire-pulling and pipe-laying in his own behalf, which he had done quietly as chairman of the Republican State Committee. This latter position he had secured by Mr. Conkling's favor, as the trusted lieutenant of that Senator, then at the height of his power, and the whole influence of the Conkling machine was exerted to extort his nomination from a somewhat reluctant party.

Mr. Platt's career in the Senate was brief and ridiculous. Entering that body as the peculiar ally of Conkling, with the understanding that he was to "do the practical politics while Mr. Conkling did the star act," he suggested the resignation of the latter when he found that President Garfield would not surrender control of the patronage in New York, and, his advice being acted upon, resigned his own seat two months after he assumed it. It was his misfortune that the public at the time believed him to be the mere satellite of Mr. Conkling, and that he abjectly followed his leadership. It was this belief that won for him the characterization of "Me Too." The absolute truth, however, is as we have stated it; he did not follow, but he initiated and led. With Mr. Conkling he returned to Albany, to ask another election from the Legislature which had earlier in its session given him the office at Conkling's dictation. The coup was an utter failure. Master and man were both rejected by the aroused sentiment of the party, and Mr. Platt retired from the contest not only defeated, but personally humiliated to a degree seldom paralleled in American politics.

The man who should have predicted in the summer of 1881 that Thomas C. Platt would in a dozen years be the ruler of the Republican party in his State would have been laughed at as a lunatic. How has this wonderful transformation come about? Mr. Platt was shrewd enough to bide his time. He apparently accepted obscurity. But by slow degrees he began to gather up the raveled threads. Without challenging public attention offensively, he became again the manager of the party in his district, and gradually extended the scope of his power. He cultivated more thoroughly an already wide acquaintance with the local leaders of the organization throughout the interior, while removal to the metropolis enabled him to gain control of the machinery in the two great cities bordering the East River. With legitimate business enough to occupy an ordinary man, he pursues the diversion of politics as unremittingly as though it were his avocation, and he reaps the reward in the acquisition of a firmer hold of the party organization than any other leader has ever attained.

Mr. Platt's boss-ship is a public misfortune. Political managers there always have been, and always will be. The soil of New York has from the first fostered their growth. But there are

bosses, and bosses. Thurlow Weed was once potent in the Republican party, as previously in the Whig. But he was a man of intellectual gifts, who used his powers to advance the interests of a leader like Seward and a cause like the overthrow of slavery. The best friend of Thomas C. Platt cannot point to any service of high aim which he has rendered his party or his country. And it is by that standard alone that, in this day, the quality of all leadership must be measured and tested.

International Cricket.

LIKE most things that ought to be well authenticated, the date at which the English national ball game of cricket took root in Philadelphia is not at all certain. Probably the game has an existence there of sixty or seventy years. There are records in existence of over fifty years, and no doubt the game was played as a recreation long before there was any thought of keeping records. Undoubtedly the game only took strong hold upon the Quaker City when Germantown began to develop as a manufacturing quarter of the town, particularly of hosiery and knit goods, for which Germantown has been and is yet celebrated. The first mill hands and dyers were, of course, English people, and no doubt most of them came from Nottinghamshire, which has always been a crack cricketing county in England both for players and gentlemen. There was plenty of room about the mills, the soil is of the richest, and the turf as thick and fine as any in the country. When the whistles or the bells sounded, the English lads could skip outside the mill door and indulge in a game of single wicket until the bell tolled them back to their looms. The Quaker element could hardly, of course, be called a "sporting" one, and yet most of Philadelphia's great players have belonged to this fundamental ancestry. Under those conditions Germantown became and still remains the centre of cricket in Philadelphia, which, in fact, so far as this game goes, means the whole United States.

For, while cricket flourishes in a desultory manner in Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Detroit, and Chicago, the old Quaker town is the only place where the game is really played by native-born Americans. Of the team selected to meet Lord Hawke's team, Mr. A. M. Wood is the only man of foreign birth, he being an Englishman, but who has developed his cricket mostly in Philadelphia, where he has resided since he came to this country. Lord Hawke was here three years ago, and then the matches at Manheim only resulted in favor of Philadelphia, much to the chagrin of his lordship, who, so to speak, has been "playing to get even" with the Quakers ever since. He has brought with him what is perhaps the strongest all-round team of gentleman players that ever visited this country.

International matches at Philadelphia partake of all the brilliancy of a great social function, and it is perfectly safe to say that no other sporting event, unless it be an international yacht race, will there gather together such a "swell mob" as one of these famous cricket matches. But this class is not alone in its enthusiasm for the grand old game, for everybody in the Quaker City who pays any attention at all to field sports knows how cricket is



A YANKEE TRICK.

FRANCE—"That is what I call a real Yankee trick; you steal my grapes, plant them in California, make your 'Premier' brand of California wines, and then boast that the 'Premier' wines are equal to the imported."

Uncle Sam—"That is what I call progress."

France—"These wines are actually imported wines, but grown on American soil."

Uncle Sam—"I don't care what you call them; the 'Premier' brand of California wines are better than imported, that, cost double the price."

France—"Your card, please!"

Uncle Sam—"Pacific Coast Wine Company, Growers and Distillers, 849 Broadway, New York. Up-town depots, R. M. Haan, 1286 Broadway and 1496 Third Avenue. Also all stores of Acker, Merrill & Condit. Call; call early!"

played, and is familiar with all the clubs and the names of their crack players.

One thing must not be overlooked, and that is, that a cricketer must play the game from his school-boy days in order to play it well. In Philadelphia all the crack clubs have their one, two and three elevens, and some have as many as fifty juniors in a season practicing in front of the nets and in the field, and it is from the rising generation of players that the crack bowlers, batsmen, wicket-keepers, and all-around cricketers are to come. This is the real strength and permanency of the game in Philadelphia. Their disadvantage is also that they have no great variety of bowling to face, outside of themselves, and in this match it is practically gentlemen of all England against (only) Philadelphia.

The grounds of the Merion Club at Haverford, a station on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad about eight miles from the Broad Street station, where the first match was played

(Continued on page 224.)

An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola compound by mail to all sufferers from asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

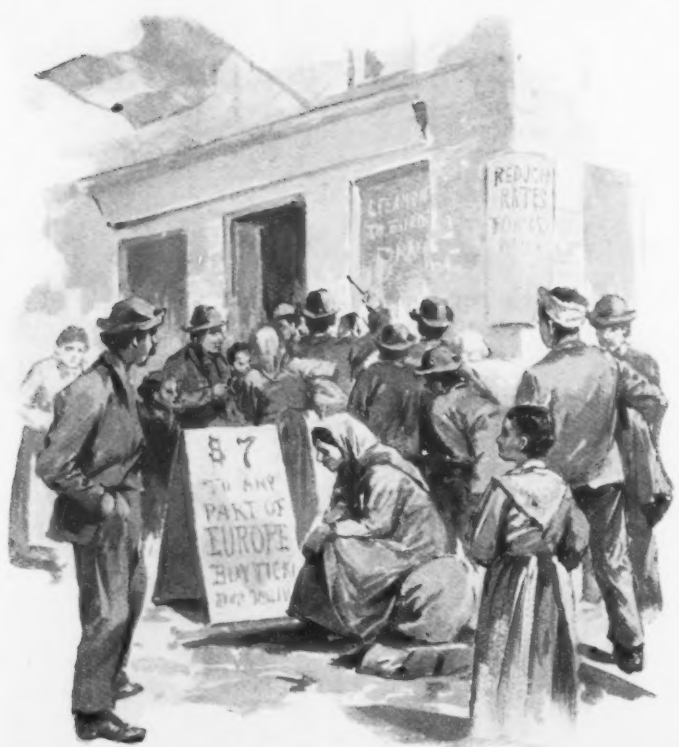
A Marvellous Showing.

The U. S. Government, through the Agricultural Department, has been investigating the baking powders for the purpose of informing the public which was the purest, most economical and wholesome.

The published report shows the Royal Baking Powder to be a pure, healthful preparation, absolutely free from alum or any adulterant, and that it is greatly stronger in leavening power than any other brand.

Consumers should not let this valuable information, official and unprejudiced, go unheeded.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.



BUYING TICKETS FOR EUROPE.



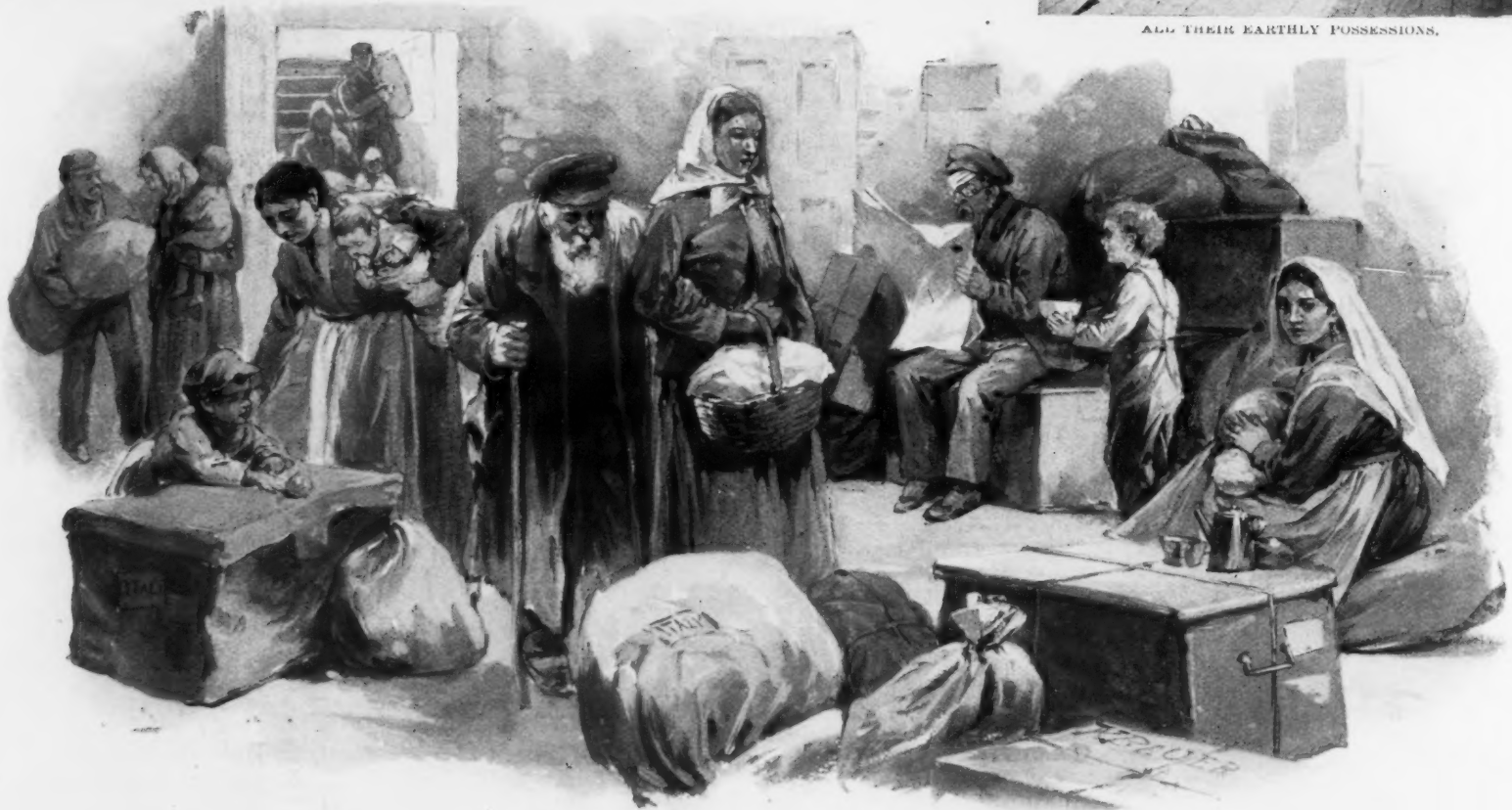
LEAVING CHICAGO.



BOARDING A STEAMER AT HOBOKEN.

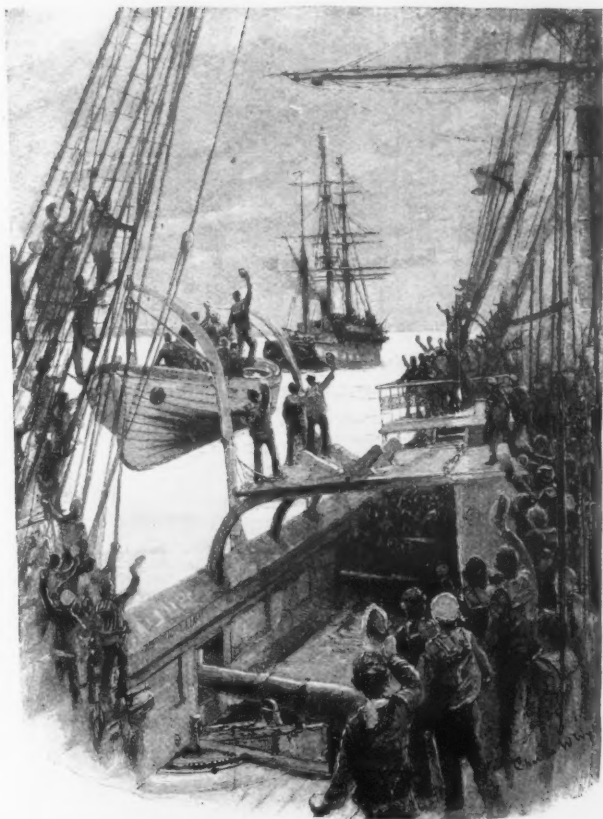


ALL THEIR EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.

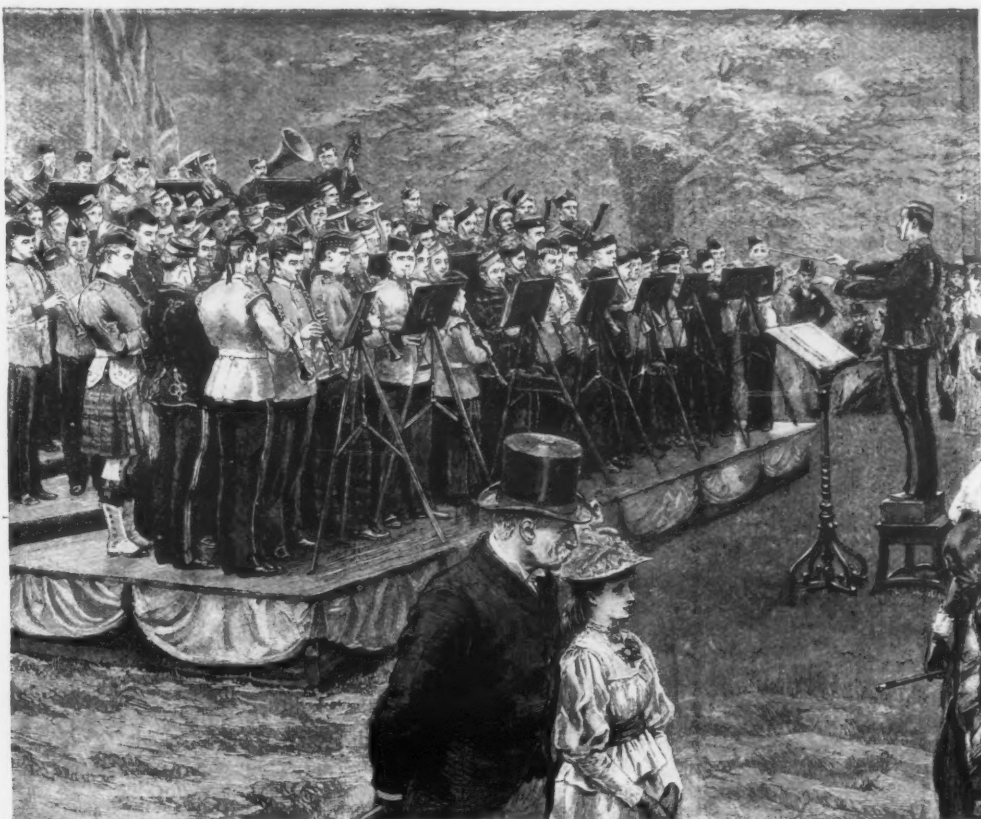


IN A CANAL STREET (NEW YORK) LODGING-HOUSE—PREPARING FOR DEPARTURE.

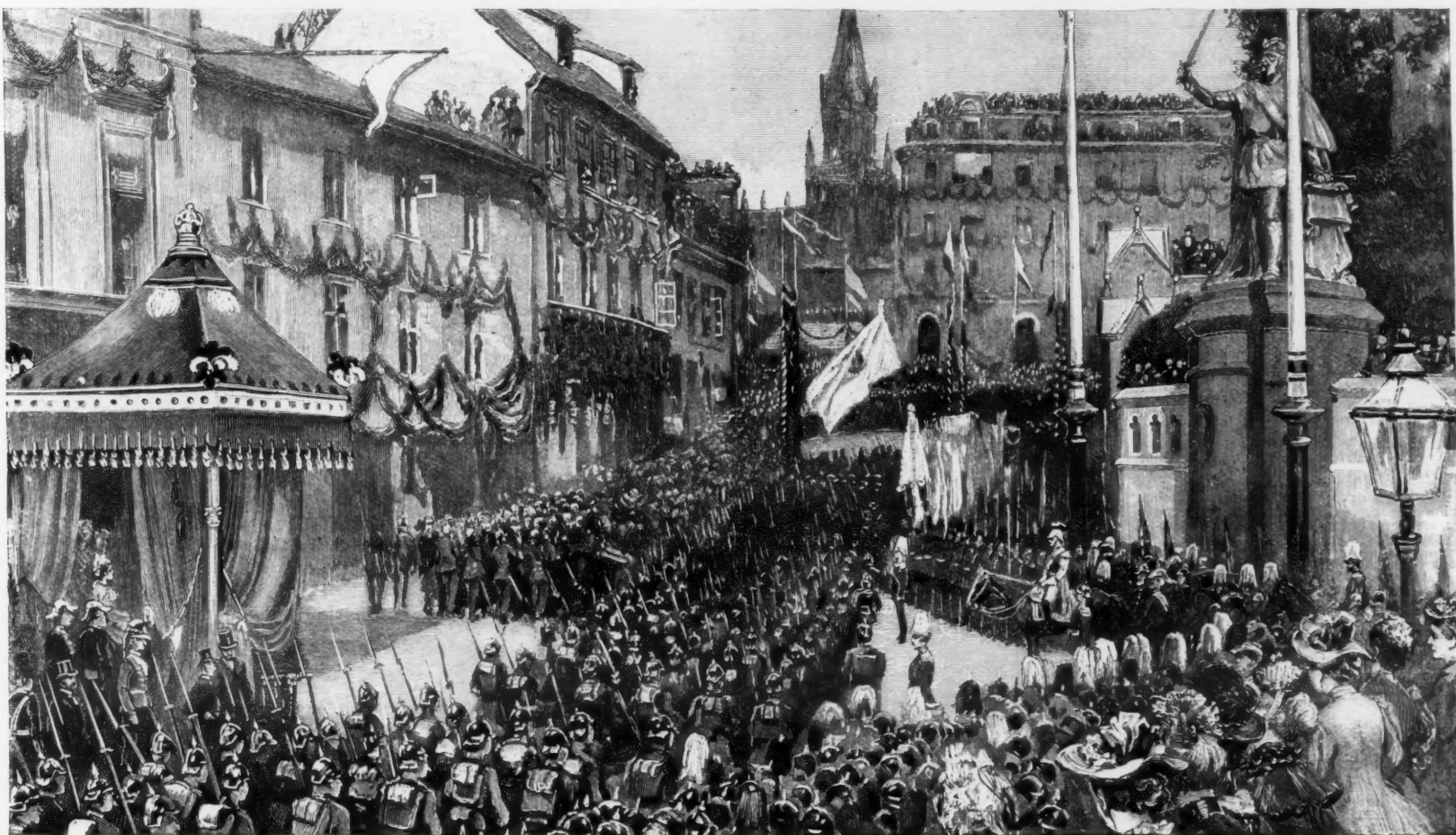
THE EBB TIDE IN EMIGRATION—THOUSANDS OF ALIENS RETURNING TO THEIR OLD HOMES IN EUROPE.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. REUTERDAHL AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE EDITORIAL PAGE.]
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THE JACKSON POLAR EXPEDITION LEAVING ARCHANGEL.
London Graphic.



BRITISH MILITARY MUSIC—THE KNELLER BAND AT WHITTON PARK.
London Graphic.



THE GERMAN ARMY MANOEUVRES—EMPEROR WILLIAM WATCHING THE PARADE OF TROOPS AT KÖNIGSBERG.—*London Graphic.*



GOLF IN ENGLAND—PLAYING AT ST. ANDREWS FOR THE QUEEN VICTORIA JUBILEE VASE,
CHARLES HUTCHINGS WINNER.—*London Daily Graphic.*



PRINCE LOUIS PHILIPPE ROBERT, DUC D'ORLEANS, SON OF THE
LATE COMTE DE PARIS.—*London Graphic.*

International Cricket.

(Continued from page 221.)

on the 21st, 22d and 24th ultimo, is a new ground in international matches. The clubhouse and all the appointments of the grounds are first-class in every respect. The country all about it is one great garden of villas and country-seats, unequalled in America. The roads are fine, and a beautiful way of reaching the grounds is to drive out through Fairmount Park or over from Germantown and the nearby towns and country hotels. Of four-in-hands and drags there were no less than twenty, and on each day over ten thousand people journeyed out to the grounds to witness the contest.

Lord Hawke's first match in this country was with an aggregation of resident Englishmen at Staten Island, but rain stopped the game after the Englishmen had rolled up the comfortable total of 279 for their first innings. The game in Philadelphia showed that the English eleven was far ahead of the Philadelphians as fielders, but in bowling and batting there was hardly anything to choose between them. The three days' play resulted in a total of 422 runs for the Englishmen against a total of 291 runs for the gentlemen of Philadelphia, giving the victory to the former by 131 runs.

The wicket was essentially a bowler's one, and yet favored Lord Hawke and his men at the bat, being soft after the heavy rains—exactly what they have always been used to, and much against the gentlemen of Philadelphia, who are at their best on a hard and fiery wicket.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

SUCCESS IN LIFE

depends on little things. A Ripans Tabule is a little thing, but taking one occasionally gives good digestion, and that means good blood, and that means good brain and brawn, and that means success.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD.

"SUMMER Excursions with Routes and Rates," with numerous maps and illustrations and lists of summer hotels along the Hudson, among the Catskills, at Saratoga, Lake George, etc., may be obtained of H. B. JAGOE, General Eastern Passenger Agent, No. 363 Broadway, New York City.

The best regulator of the digestive organs is Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

The autumn effects on the picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad are not surpassed, and are fully equalled, by those of any other railroad on this continent. The varied and constantly-changing foliage, widely and richly distributed, affords a pleasure that cannot be described in words.

Every accommodation is afforded the traveler to take in the grandeur of this wonderfully picture-que route. Fine coaches, large windows, descriptive literature, and everything to secure comfort, are to be found on this line.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. No smoke, no dust, no cinders. For full information and illustrated descriptive matter address Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A. 231, Albion, Michigan.

The firm of Sohmer & Co. has grown constantly in favor with the public since its founding, and this is a natural result on account of its reliability and trustworthiness. This firm has shown so much enterprise and real ability in the management and "push" of its business that even competitors freely acknowledge the leading position it occupies in the trade.

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from Weak Lungs to Consumption, from Depleted Blood to Anæmia, from Diseased Blood to Scrofula, from Loss of Flesh to Illness.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, prevents this step from being taken and restores Health. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

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Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases. Do you realize what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls? It means isolation, seclusion.

It is a bar to social and business success. Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when Doctors fail, standard remedies fail, And nostrums prove worse than useless? Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure. CUTICURA REMEDIES Have earned the title Skin Specifics, Because for years they have met with most remarkable success. There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few indeed. It is no long-drawn-out expensive experiment. 25 cents invested in CUTICURA SOAP Will prove more than we dare claim. In short CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS, And its cures are simply marvelous.

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See "How to Cure Every Skin Disease," free.

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It is well known in history that the PEERLESS BEAUTY of Grecian maidens was owing to their knowledge of certain HARMLESS INGREDIENTS which they used at the bath. In our day, young ladies find the same BEAUTIFYING PRINCIPLES combined in

Constantine's Persian Healing Pine Tar Soap.

The HEALTHFUL PROPERTIES of this EXTRAORDINARY PURIFYING AGENT are UNLIMITED, but are more particularly noticeable in their beautifying effects upon the HAIR, COMPLEXION AND TEETH. These CHARMS OF FEMALE LOVELINESS are enhanced, and THEIR POSSESSION ASSURED, to every young lady who uses this

Great Original Pine Tar Soap.

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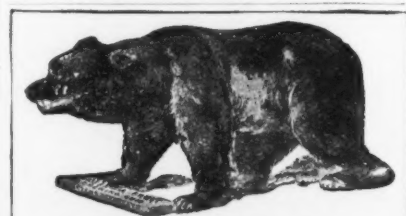
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Send for Free Sample. (Name this paper.)

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A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

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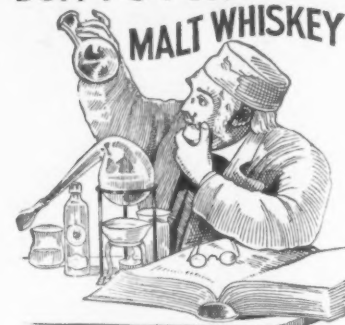
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There are few constitutions which have not suffered from the long, hot, depressing summer with its attendant business worry, and happy is he who does not need a tonic to brace him up for the Fall Campaign. But since so many require a wine tonic, it is most fortunate that one so delicious and invigorating as VINO DE SALUD is obtainable.

Ask your druggist for it, and write for booklet to

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FOR MEDICINAL USE NO FUSEL OIL

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HAS SUPERIOR MERIT.

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It is popular because it produces what no other malt preparation has ever produced, namely, a quick and healthful reaction upon the first appearance of any cold, cough or other symptom indicating disease. It can be obtained of any reliable druggist or grocer, and all purchasers should insist upon having DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY and no other.

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and headaches relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON SENSE EAR DRUMS. Entirely new, scientific invention; different from all other devices; the only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible ear drum in the world. Hundreds are being benefited where medical skill has failed. No string or wire attachment to irritate the ear. Write for pamphlet. WILSON EAR DRUM CO., 102 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

The Duke of Orleans, upon whom, as the son of the Comte de Paris, has fallen the responsibility of maintaining the "rights" of the royal house of France, is about twenty-five years of age, and of a much more aggressive spirit and purpose than his deceased father. Four years ago he suddenly appeared in Paris and demanded of the authorities to be admitted to the army with the conscripts of his class. This action created a profound sensation, as by the Law of Exile the soil of France was forbidden to the duke under pain of two years' imprisonment. He was arrested and duly sentenced to the maximum penalty, but was subsequently released and sent out of the country. He has since spent a good deal of his time in travel.

BRITISH MILITARY MUSIC.

Kneller Hall, London, is the school of musical education of the British army. Boys ranging from fourteen to nineteen years of age are sent there to learn music. The band numbers about one hundred and fifty persons.

THE JACKSON ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

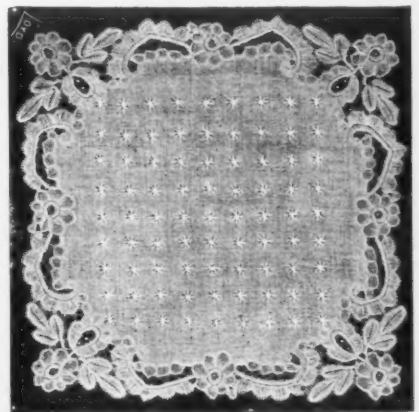
The Arctic expedition of Mr. Frederick Jackson, which sailed from Archangel on August 5th, and from which

received the stipulation: "With the point of a pencil start from any one of the square cells (between four stars) pass with one continuous line through all of the forty-nine squares and back to the original cell. No one cell must be gone through oftener than another."

There was an unfortunate wording in the last sentence which permitted of an ingenious solution which many quick-witted solvers immediately hit upon, viz., pass through all of the cells once and then return by the same course, and the terms of the puzzle have been complied with, as no one cell has been gone through more than another. It was subsequently explained that "passing between the stars" forbade the crossing of a star or the going outside of "the constellation." With but few exceptions the terms and intent of the puzzle were correctly understood, and between six and seven thousand answers have been received, of which more than one hundred fulfilled the terms of the first stipulation. The special prize for the first correct solution has been awarded to Mr. William Rogers, of Brooklyn, but to carry out the principle of awarding a souvenir to every one who masters the problem, a catalogue of books will be sent to each of the following competitors, with an invitation to select any book.

Miss Ella L., Dolly Griswold, Edith T., Crissie Gill, A. K. Robinson, R. Rogers, Mrs. Griffiths, E. D. Brown, T. Cox, A. Nathan, S. A. Donaldson, Lilian Fort, Mrs. A. J. Palmer, W. Riebe, Miss A. Bronson, P. C. Walcott, D. Sexton, Charles Jonge, A. Hall, A. De Baum, Miss L. A. Miller, M. M. Goodale, Minnie, Lora L. Hobart, M. Doudney, C. N. Holmes, W. E. Mason, G. H. Hess, Jr., E. E. Wynkoop, J. H. Starrett, J. V. Athey, H. F. Beach, B. N. Smith, Sarah Schmutz, A. B. Griffin, H. G. Hodge, Tom, Dick, and Harry, C. Whitehead, G. K. Putnam, Dr. J. M. Pell, W. K. Eckert, A. P. Dixon, Miss L. Gateson, C. M. Odell, J. H. Klineck, Miss L. G. Buckley, Miss Belle Crum, Laura Miller, Miss A. F. Spencer, Dr. H. C. Wendell, Jennie L. Jewhurst, Mrs. G. D. Lan born, Miss Maud Matteson, Bessie B. S. Williams, Mrs. H. D. Withers, Miss Eva Benson, Miss Lillie Harvey, A. A. Record, Mrs. J. F. English, B. L. Valiquet, Miss Alice Madden, C. E. Belcher, Miss A. E. Albro, Miss Grace Taylor, L. H. Sweetser, Mrs. D. H. Chase, Miss E. F. Austin, Arthur McCann, A. V. Oliver, Miss Nellie Phillips, Miss Bertha C. Mantir, Mrs. E. W. Brooks, M. J. Jenkins, E. S. Moore, F. Haas, Fred Stuart, R. Peterson, Jr., E. Myrick, S. R. Lessing, Miss Clara L. Crollins, Miss Grace Snedeker, M. M. Leonard, J. M. Eddy, G. C. Arneson, Miss S. Beals, Mrs. Charles Kalmback, W. F. Call, Mrs. A. Eden, J. R. Arnold, Miss Florence Piper, Miss Elizabeth Dillingham, John A. Staunton, Jr., "Hobbs," L. C. Graves, W. S. Wyllis, Mrs. E. Schwarzschild, Miss L. Hutchinson, J. Maclay, Mrs. Stonham, Lewis T. Kunzel, S. S. Fraser, T. E. Richardson, J. F. Holbrook, Mrs. Y. P. Birdall, Miss Susie Montague, W. T. Critchley, and Mrs. H. W. Hopper.

As the kerchief, or its value in cash, is to be awarded for a correct answer to both stipulations of the problem, it is evident that it will be given to whichever one of the above array of winners in the first section has succeeded in starting from any one of the little stars and marked them all off, making the least possible number of angles and fewest steps (from one star to another). In this case it was clearly stated that there were no restrictions against going over some stars oftener than others. All competitors seem to have accepted it as a continuous line with the fewest turns or angles. As it will take another week to carefully examine the answers to the second stipulation, we will spring another competition, now that every one is familiar with the principle of the puzzle. Here is a larger view of the field of operations:



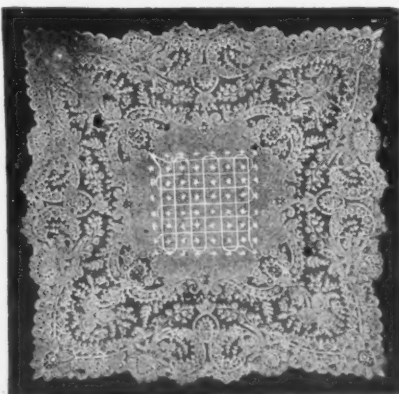
With the point of a pencil start from any one of the spaces, between four stars, pass with one continuous line through all of the forty-nine squares and back to original square, *without going through any square twice*. It is not permitted to go outside of the stars. Ten dollars will be divided among those who find the best answer.

The second stipulation: Begin at one of the stars and mark them all off, with one continuous line, returning back to starting point, making as few turns as possible. Ten dollars will be divided among such as find the best answer.

Ladies' special prize: To the lady giving the best answer to both problems by Christmas we will present a splendid sewing-machine of such make as may be selected. State your preference so as to determine which is the favorite machine.

Our Lady's Kerchief.

ANSWER TO THE FIRST PROPOSITION TO THE GREAT PUZZLE.



THE ABOVE IS ONE OF THE CORRECT ANSWERS



A FRENCH DINNER-GOWN.

In Fashion's Glass.

FROM Paris, the Mecca of fashion, the autumn novelties are now coming thick and fast, and our shopping thoroughfares are thronged with the feminine world who have returned to town to fortify for the winter's campaign.

These novelties are truly beautiful, and include many fur-trimmed garments. One costume which I noted as especially worthy of mention was a cornflower gray zibeline cloth, its chief feature being the valuable sable tails with which it was trimmed. I counted fifteen on the skirt alone, and the large revers and collar were formed of them also. This exquisite trimming was further elaborated by the daintiest black braiding. It was the conception of a master mind without doubt. Another characteristic was the vest let into the bodice, and braided, in the manner with which we were familiar some years back.

Here is a pretty suggestion for making-up one of the new tweeds. The leading note of color is a deep navy blue, with an astrakhan effect in black, and a tiny thread of old gold colored mohair forming narrow stripes. Let the stripes go horizontally round the figure, and make the tight-fitting bodice with a blue velvet vest, which would look remarkably well embroidered in gold thread. The large velvet sleeves must

fit the lower part of the arm so closely that buttons and button-holes are a necessity, as the tip must be cut very long and large, so that when the sleeve is on the fullness may be rumpled up like a glove, and draped to suit the wearer's caprice.

Madame Marguerite, Avenue de l'Opera, has been sending some stylish hats to this country. The large shapes are turned up in a hundred fantastic ways, and heavily trimmed with handsome black feathers mixed with black spangled net and rich aigrettes. These can be worn with dresses made rather open at the neck and full sleeves ending at the elbow, with long black or white gloves. A capote without strings was made of six butterfly wings, large and brilliant in fliegree metal of all shades of blue, from quite light up to peacock blue. These wings were artistically grouped in a mass of blue tulle. It was most lovely.

An exquisite imported dinner-gown is pictured this week. The skirt is made in Louis Seize brocade, with a drapery at the top of fine point de Bruges lace, held down at the side with a bow of *mirroir* velvet. The bodice and puffed sleeves are in soft mouseline de soie, and the neck is topped off with rich silk guipure. A belt of the velvet ends in front with a flaring bow. A perfect harmony of color is displayed in this costume, a peculiar shade of germanium being the dominant tone. ELLA STARR.

much was expected, is reported to have resulted in failure. Jackson's purpose was to pierce through the Arctic pack to Franz Josef Land and make his way thence northward. His expedition was exceptionally well-equipped, and the intelligence of its return will be heard with regret.

A Simple Supper

for the little ones, always relished, and very economical, is a bowl of broth made of

Armour's Extract of BEEF

with crackers or bread broken into it. Use 1/4 teaspoonful of Extract to each pint of water. Can be prepared over an oil stove or gas jet.

We issue a little book of "Culinary Wrinkles," which is to be had for the asking. Send name and address on a postal to

Armour & Company, Chicago.

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MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
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FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



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MR. LISPENARD—"Do you know, that's the best thing I ever got off?"

MR. VOLLEYTEAL—"What?"

MR. LISPENARD—"This Knox Hat. How could a man get off anything better—in the way of hats?"

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AWARDS**
on all their Goods at the
**CALIFORNIA
MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.**

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HAY-FEVER
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For Excellence of the Product and Size of the Manufacture."

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should have pearly teeth behind them. To make the teeth pearly and to keep them so there is nothing like

FRAGRANT SOZODONT

It neutralizes every element of impurity that affects the soundness or whiteness of the teeth. Moreover, it prevents gum-boil and canker. **Sozodont** should be used by every one who values a good set of teeth. It has none of the acrid properties of tooth pastes, etc., and instead of contracting the gums, renders them firm and elastic. All disagreeable odors arising from the breath are neutralized by the use of **Sozodont**.

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Vol. LXXIX—No. 269
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DRAWN FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPH.—(SEE PAGE 237.)

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